

# THE LIVING AGE.

SEVENTH SERIES }  
VOLUME XXXV. }

No. 3284 June 15, 1907.

{ FROM BEGINNING  
Vol. CCLIII. }

## CONTENTS.

I.	A Colonial Study of London Civilization.	By Edith Searle	
	Grossmann	NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER	643
II.	A Poet's Wife.	By Florence MacCunn	GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE 652
III.	The Enemy's Camp.	Chapters XVII and XVIII. (To be continued)	
		MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE	662
IV.	The Last O'Hara.	By Andrew James	BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE 670
V.	Go to Skellig!	By H. Kingsmill Moore	MACMILLAN'S MAGAZINE 681
VI.	Culture in the Crucible.	By T. H. S. Escott	
		LONDON QUARTERLY REVIEW	688
VII.	Worry.		NATION 693
VIII.	The Mind of Christ.		SPECTATOR 695
IX.	The Cry of the Russian Children.	By R. C. Lehmann	PUNCH 698
X.	The Nationalist Decision.		ECONOMIST 700
XI.	Hungary and the Austrian Elections.		OUTLOOK 702
A PAGE OF VERSE			
XII.	Sea-Roses.	J. E. Healy	642
XIII.	The Touchstone.	E. Nesbit	THE NATION 642
XIV.	Gift-Flowers.	A. Hugh Fisher	642
	BOOKS AND AUTHORS		703



PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

THE LIVING AGE COMPANY,

6 BEACON STREET, BOSTON.

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

FOR SIX DOLLARS, remitted directly to the Publishers, THE LIVING AGE will be punctually forwarded for a year, free of postage, to any part of the United States. To Canada the postage is 50 cents per annum.

Remittances should be made by bank draft or check, or by post-office or express money-order, if possible. If neither of these can be procured, the money should be sent in a registered letter. All postmasters are obliged to register letters when requested to do so. Drafts, checks, express and money orders should be made payable to the order of THE LIVING AGE Co.

Single Copies of THE LIVING AGE, 15 cents.

## SEA-ROSES.

Where the sea-roses grow down to  
the sea,  
And where the white ripples laugh  
up to the roses;  
Where the gorse and the heather are  
nodding together,  
And the bud of the pimpernel opens  
and closes;  
Where the curlew dips to the kiss of  
the wave,  
And the gray-green wings of the  
plover whirr  
By the languorous motion and sway-  
ing of ocean,  
There I am dreaming of her.

Sweet sea-rose, you were always sweet,  
Yellow of petal, and greenly glowing  
In warm sea-places 'mid soft embraces  
And tender touches of night-winds  
blowing.

The first full ray of the moon on you  
Falls in the quiet of night begun;  
And lovingly tender, in slanting splen-  
dor,

The first red shaft of the sun.

Ah, but now you are queen of the  
flowers,

Queen of the queens of the summer  
weather;

For here where the plover were wheel-  
ing above her,

Here in your glory we met together.  
Rose, you were happy, but happier far  
I, as I thrill'd with ecstasy.

When she pluck'd you stooping, her  
dark eyes drooping,—

Pluck'd you, and gave you to me.

*J. E. Healy.*

## THE TOUCHSTONE.

There was a garden, very strange, and  
fair

With all the roses summer never  
brings,

The snowy blossom of immortal  
springs

Lighted its boughs, and I, even I, was  
there,

There were new heavens, and the  
earth was new.

And still I told my heart the dream  
was true.

But when the sun stood still, and Time  
went out

Like a blown candle—when she  
came to me

Under the bride-veil of the blos-  
somed tree,

Chill through the garden blew the  
winds of doubt;

And when, with starry eyes, and  
lips too near,

She leaned to me, my heart knew  
what to fear.

"It is no dream," she said. "What  
dream had stayed

So long? It is the blessed isle that  
lies

Between the tides of twin eternities.  
It is our island; do not be afraid!"

And then at last, my heart was well  
deceived.

I hid my eyes; I trembled, and be-  
lieved.

Her real presence sanctified my faith.  
Her very voice my restless fears be-  
guiled,

And it was Life that clasped me  
when she smiled.

But when she said "I love you!" it was  
Death.

That, that at least, could neither be  
nor seem—

Oh, then, indeed, I knew it was a  
dream!

*E. Nesbitt.*

*The Nation*

## GIFT-FLOWERS.

My dearest, why should they distress  
you?

'Tis I that must suffer—not you.  
If words that were but to caress you  
Are seeming to woo.

With a breath from your lips you may  
scatter

The blossoms that scented the air.  
And your mirror may say if it matter  
One stays in your hair.

Yet keep them a day in your bosom.  
Yet hold them one night in your  
breast—

A day is a life for a blossom.  
And night is its rest.

*A. Hugh Fisher.*

## A COLONIAL STUDY OF LONDON CIVILIZATION.

The articles<sup>1</sup> that have been published in this Review on the subject of English insularity have brought out very clearly the divergence of type between the Englishman and the New Zealander. The first two articles express the views of a Colonial, born and educated in his own country, who has already had some career there and whose claim to represent its indigenous opinion is not much affected by an attack published in the humorous columns of a local newspaper of dissimilar politics. The reply of the Rhodes scholar, expressing the inherited or imported view, is that of a New Zealander educated at Oxford; but even he treats England with a certain detachment and draws contrasts which practically concede the growth of a separate nationality. Our "Motherland" is, and must be, the country that bore and bred us, and the sentiment that gives the title even to the land of our forefathers is either unreal or unpatriotic. New Zealanders, however, are not a new or "young" people, springing from unknown savage sources like the Tongans or Fijians; they possess as fully as any native-born Briton the intellectual heritage left by our common ancestors; all the centuries of English history that precede the last fifty or sixty years are their own. It is only from that date that they diverge. They are a British people, who from the outset were more adventurous and less trammelled by convention than the majority of their countrymen, and who, having settled in an untamed country

and amidst primitive circumstances, dropped off much of the social prejudice and superstition, the fossilized traditions and antique customs, and at the same time lost much of the artistic and polished perfection of style and appearance that characterizes twentieth-century England. Briefly, the main difference is that the English are conserving and polishing an ancient type of society based on the predominance and happiness of a small section of the nation, while the Antipodeans are laboring to evolve a newer and more comprehensive social system. Those who return to the home of their ancestral race find themselves face to face with a gigantic and highly developed civilization. Either their imagination is overwhelmed or else an instinct of criticism is aroused. Had there not been a critical spirit in New Zealand, the country never would have attempted to avoid the old social evils, but would have slavishly copied good and bad alike. Mr. Thomson's statement that all who remain long enough in England must fall in love with the conservative spirit, might be less questionable if he had written "in Oxford" instead of "in England." For in the venerable university town, with its architectural beauty, its consecrated traditions, its aloofness from the vulgar struggle for wealth and position, the conservatism of old forms shows its most attractive aspect.

But it is London and not Oxford which is the true product of old-world civilization; London which almost blots out the rest of England by its own supreme significance. Now London, instead of converting all Colonials to the ancient class system, has converted to uncompromising State Socialism several who were once inclined towards

<sup>1</sup> "A Colonial View of Colonial Loyalty" (*The Nineteenth Century*, October 1903); "The Insularity of the English" (*The Nineteenth Century*, April 1906, *The Living Age*, May 12, 1906); "Insularity of the English: Another Colonial View" (*The Nineteenth Century*, September 1906).

the so-called "Conservative party" in New Zealand; because they see in the industrial proletariat the terrible price that must be paid for Conservatism. Not all may see it, or care to see it. It is not a sufficiently amusing sight to tourists. No individual Colonial can claim to speak for the whole colony. Some will criticise, some will admire, each according to their temperament. London must be with all either a *grande passion* or a mortal antipathy. So it has been amongst provincials, and so it is still. Its literary lovers have been fewer than its haters, probably because its civilization is materialistic and unspiritual. To Edward Fitzgerald the city was hideous and monstrous; Gissing painted it as a sordid modern inferno; its own Cockney poet described it, in one of the most profoundly gloomy poems ever written, as "the City of Dreadful Night." Yet in hate as well as in love it draws to it all talent that is free to move, just as it did in the days of Shakespeare or of Goldsmith. It is a huge emporium that forces the smaller shops off the field of competition, or reduces them to the position of supporting a bare existence by supplying immediate local needs. Even Edinburgh has had to abdicate its old literary sovereignty; no young Scotch poet or philosopher of our days dreams of seeking a career in the city that was once the Athens of the North. Nor can any British colony hope to compete even within its own boundaries with the enormous supplies of literature poured into it from the British market. Englishmen sometimes resent the high places which Scotchmen win for themselves in the Church, the Government, in literature and the professions. But it is Scotland that is the loser. Its nationality is yielded up and its intellectual vigor is drained away to feed the greatness of the metropolis. The same centripetal movement has begun from the farthest colonies. What the British

Empire has been to the world, that London now is to the Empire. The greatness of our ancestral race lies in its enormous national digestion. It swallows up tribes, races, territories, whole empires; and not only swallows but assimilates them, suppressing native characteristics or making them subservient to its own expansion. Far beyond the limits of its nominal dominion its influence has spread, conquering more by persistent and invincible faith in itself than by cannon, and substituting everywhere the English style in dress, architecture, food, and customs for the native style. But in London the force is that of attraction instead of diffusion abroad. Here come the provincials, the Scotch, the Irish, the Americans, the Colonials, the foreigners; for pleasure, for education, for a career, or for a refuge. The city sorts them out for its various uses, grinds down their distinctive features, fits them into its own scheme, and turns them out not so much individualities as atoms of a social system. Something of the original substance may be left, but first and foremost all citizens must be Londoners, and only in the second place Devonians, Cornishmen, or North Countrymen. In the case of Colonials the process of assimilation is more rapid, because their distinctive character is as yet only "in the making," but amongst them too there is an unassimilated remnant.

In trying to discover anything like a uniform design amongst this heterogeneous web of material, an onlooker is continually perplexed by inconsistencies. Modern travellers have a trick of stating that the country they happen to be describing—America, China, India, or Russia—is a land of paradox and a bundle of contradictions. This is a safe remark to make of all communities, and may serve to qualify any dogmatic generalizing about the cosmopolitan millions compressed within the narrow



space of the capital, divided into hostile groups or solitary outcasts. But yet amongst all the units of various races and classes there is—and here comes in the civilization and the art of living together somehow—a *modus vivendi* or working agreement. The first clause of that agreement is external conformity to English laws, written and unwritten. Provided that decorum is preserved, almost anything is allowed to pass with impunity, the object being always to prevent a scene or disturbance. Sometimes, indeed, for the sake of a half-humorous sensation, there is a mild attack made on concealed vices, but no one really takes the matter seriously. The typical Londoner censures very severely trifling faults of manner or dress, but takes elaborate pains to ignore vices, perhaps because these are much more troublesome things to deal with. The tolerance or, more bluntly speaking, the laxity of the West is extraordinary, and any primitive-minded stranger who shows a hearty and healthy dislike of sin and of sinners is regarded as a disagreeable and cantankerous disturber of the peace. Though crimes of violence are proportionally rare, fraud and dissolute living seem to flourish without restraint or punishment. The respectable citizens pretend an absolutely impossible ignorance of what goes on at or even within their own doors, or if the evil is forced upon their attention, they refer to it as a trifling peculiarity of the foreign residents. On the other hand, it is very hard to believe in the sensational murderers whom Mr. G. R. Sims has described. And even with regard to the vices that do exist, the West Centre is not one universal blackness. So far from being chiefly inhabited by criminals, Bloomsbury is and must continue to be, on account of its centrality, the home of tourists, Museum readers, scholars, and professionals, who are quite unroman-

tically respectable and most undramatically virtuous. But it is true that here the innocent are mixed with the guilty, and live side by side with them, apparently in complete harmony while one cloak of decorum covers them both. This means, not universal viciousness, but something dangerously near universal hypocrisy. The endurance of evil in order to prevent friction is a modification of the law of respectability, and it has been made a custom in order to suit the needs and fashions of our age.

Whether, as some British patriots assert, it is the fault of the alien population, or whether we are suffering a reaction from the strictness of the Victorian era, must be left to conjecture, but certainly, from some cause or other, there is a good deal of the Restoration spirit abroad in London to-day. Puritanism is a term to jeer at; such words as righteousness, purity, goodness, virtue are considered cant terms; women and womanhood are a butt for the wits of the Press; and earnestness is held a conclusive proof of lack of humor. It is difficult for any individual to remain serious, because the mood of the multitude is light-hearted, humorous and optimistic, and much more tolerant of sin than of seriousness. We are relaxing in an age of comedy, and its spirit has been strong enough to inspire a brilliant revival of the English drama. We have at least one playwright equal to Sheridan. Even the ephemeral journalism of our day is witty, often extremely witty, though in a score of periodicals a reader might search in vain for one distinctively original and powerful article or tale that is idealistic or profound. The nation is having one of its periodic fits of revolt from its own solemnity, and with characteristic British strenuousness is deliberately and conscientiously enjoying itself. Old-fashioned critics may still go on solemnly abusing the

"gloomy pessimism" and "introspective tendencies" of the times, but they are simply belaboring corpses. The most remarkable plays at the opening of the nineteenth century were the fantastic or tragic plays of Byron, Shelley, Joanna Baillie, and Bulwer Lytton; the most remarkable at the opening of the twentieth century are those of Mr. Shaw and Mr. Pinero.

But the comparison with the Restoration period must not be pushed too far. In modern London "vice has lost half its evil by losing all its grossness." Or rather the grossness now lies only in the facts and feelings. And in manner and language there is almost excessive refinement. Allusion and innuendo have driven away the bluntness of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Old-fashioned sins have been re-christened lest any one's susceptibilities should be hurt. The Biblical names for breaches of the Commandments have been relegated to the Church and the Shakespearean stage, where apparently the audience tolerate them as antiquated literary curiosities. Even such a minor foible as that of which Hamlet impolitely accuses Ophelia has been re-named "making-up." By banishing offensive terms, a general impression is created that the offences themselves are as good as dead, or rather very much better than dead.

The civilizing of speech and manner is carried to a much higher degree of perfection in London than in the Colonies. I have heard more bad language in an hour in a lonely settlement or township than I could hear in London in a twelvemonth. Brawling and drunkenness are rarely seen on the streets even in the slums of the West. The metropolis is a loosely-knit society so far as the public places are concerned; consequently it calls out those qualities which help men and women to congregate with as little friction and as much pleasure as possible. There

is a superficial kindliness and *bonhomie* prevalent in London streets, analogous to the conventional courtesies of society and equally destitute of real warmth or depth of feeling. Within doors and out of doors there is urbanity, but not much humanity, and the instinct of fellowship that even the roughest men feel elsewhere is almost driven out by the desire of every one to exploit his neighbor to the utmost. But in appearance, at least, the national self-control has succeeded in making London the supreme type of civic society in modern times. From a merely individualistic point of view, the effect of self-repression is too much like insensibility and inexpressiveness; and the national ideal, if carried much farther, seems likely to end in being a post and saying nothing. Not only has speech to be refined and polished to a proper tenuity, but natural impulses and emotions and opinions require to be very carefully filed down, clipped, and in extreme instances stamped flat. Passions are in very bad taste—to use the mildly condemnatory language of the day—and on the surface very little of them is left. The larger and simpler emotions and feelings that one is accustomed to with primitive people have been found inconvenient and troublesome amongst the crowds of a city, and have been exchanged for smaller equivalents. Spite and detraction take the place of open hatred and revenge; tact serves instead of sympathy, and amiability instead of love. There may be much more violent ill-will in the inhabitants of a small village than there is in the members of a London circle. The difference is that here the modes of concealing or displaying malice have been carried to the degree of a fine art.

The variations of plain human nature have been so carefully suppressed in this society that there would be serious danger of monotony, if it were not a

continual hunt after novelties and continual changes of fashion. One popular craze is known as the "simple life," and is affected by many wealthy people at the end of a London season when they retire into some fashionable retreat; another is known as being "strong" or "virile," and is an attempt to combine the habits of primitive man with modern refinements, to be at one and the same time a perfect gentleman and an unsophisticated savage, Sir Charles Grandison and Cetewayo. The cultured Londoner, however, does not make a successful savage. He lacks that unconsciousness of good or evil, that naïve disregard of all consequence to himself or to others which gives so much charm and sense of enjoyment to the barbarities of the African, the cannibal, or the child.

These moods—*e.g.*, being happy with or without cause, or being simple or strong and savage as well as civilized—these, and many similar ones, do not seem to originate amongst the masses of the people, but to be dictated to them by a class whose business it is to look after such matters. The current thinking and feeling in London are done by professionals. Each rank and each large circle has its own experts. Amongst the most popular of these are the contributors to the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *British Weekly*, and the reviews; some half-dozen members of Parliament (for political matters only); the Bishop of London, Mr. Bernard Shaw, and Mr. Blatchford. Just now the Socialist leek is being vehemently denounced and all the while surreptitiously swallowed, according to the custom of the British public. The employment of these authorities is merely an instance of that specialization of industry which we find carried to great perfection in all high stages of civilization. I once heard a business man thank Providence that *he* was not obliged to live by *his* wits, and in the

great majority of people such a reflection really ought to inspire devout thankfulness. The non-literary classes in London wisely recognize that they are not likely to do their own thinking half as well as they can get it done for them, and that in any case, to think for themselves would be an unprofitable expenditure of mental energy. At the same time, the custom of having uniform moods, and not regarding any individual's peculiarities of temperament or circumstances, prevents unpleasant disagreements and disturbances in the various social circles and conduces to a general smoothness of temper and tone.

The same specialization explains an historical mystery, and that is the extraordinary number of geniuses whom England produces, although the average level of intellect seems to be lower than that of Scotland, America, Australasia, or Germany. By "intellect" is meant here *Geist* and *Vernunft*, and an average must be taken by counting in the dependent as well as the independent classes. The average Londoner excels in practical sense, and he has a large stock of useful information about the multifarious concerns of his city, its theatres, its parks, streets, shops, its bewildering railway system, its current events, and the domestic affairs of its Court and nobility. But his interests are entirely concrete. He despises things abstract and things spiritual, and he calls any one who talks about them a prig and a bore. He does not understand ideas, but thinks they ought to be facts. The Byronic criticism of Berkeley's idealism is highly typical of the non-literary citizen:—

When Bishop Berkeley said there was  
no matter  
And proved it—'twas no matter what  
he said.

As a nation the English never have  
cared profoundly about theories and

"doxies." That is why, although they are the bravest and most persistent race in the world, they converted themselves to Protestantism in the reign of Henry the Eighth, to Catholicism under one of his daughters, and then back again to Protestantism under another daughter; whereas in France and Spain it was not the nation that ever was converted, but the faithful who were exterminated. The agitation last year over the Education Bill was not really so much a matter of doctrine as of vested class interests and prerogatives.

Beneath the fluctuating opinions and moods set in motion by recognized thought experts, and spread over the surface of the whole community, there is a very large body of traditions and prejudices. These are divided up into some thousand opposing and contradictory groups, each totally and resolutely ignorant of the other. It depends upon circumstances which group of traditions or prejudices a man adheres to. The two historical parties, Liberals and Conservatives, are very much more than what they are in the Colonies—*i.e.*, mere political divisions. If a man has been born an aristocrat, or if (which is much more common) he particularly wishes it to be supposed that he has, he is likely to be a Conservative. The numerical strength of this party, however, lies not in the aristocracy themselves, but in the horde of dependents, who either want to get something from their superiors or who are afraid of losing what they have already got. A man who is born of the middle class, and who has no expectations from the aristocracy, or a man of any class who has a keen instinct for martyrdom, will belong to the Liberal party, which is a sort of political Saint Sebastian, stuck all over with arrows thrown by various factions. To aim at the Liberals, and especially at Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Mr. Birrell, is the sole

mental exercise in which the nine hundred and ninety-nine other parties cordially combine; and, indeed, it was evidently with the idea of using them as targets that the nation set them up in its high places.

The social groups are divided and subdivided not only according to politics, but to religion, pecuniary circumstances, and status, and strangers who want to be comfortable should always make themselves acquainted with the usages of a group before entering it. Its laws regulate for the members many matters which in less highly civilized and less well-organized communities are left to private judgment; as, for example, the church they should attend or stay away from; the newspaper they should consult for their morning dose of opinions; the streets where they should reside, and the streets where they should shop; the hours fixed for meals, and the number of courses at dinner; the part of the theatre in which they should take seats, or whether they should stand in *queue*; the mode of shaking hands very high up or very low down; and the important question of being conveyed about singly in hansom cabs or collectively in the common 'bus, or compromising by sharing a four-wheeler with friends. Why Londoners should object to State Socialism on the ground that it would destroy their individuality must remain an insoluble mystery to a New Zealander, who comes from a country where there is certainly more State Socialism and probably more individuality than anywhere else.

Another problem is why they persist in calling their social system a democracy, and in denying the existence of their rigorous class distinctions. Perhaps these devices are merely graceful and tactful concessions to the laborers, who in well-bred circles are no longer called "lower" or "inferior," but merely treated on the assumption that they

are hopelessly inferior. For want of any better terms, I may perhaps be permitted to distinguish between the two social orders by referring to them as equals (or "Peers") and unequals or as "Ups and Downs." However, it is quite true that the English aristocracy is not a caste system. It aims at being a dominant class composed of All the Talents. It not only receives, but seeks out from the ranks of the unequals all the men who have the largest amount of push and energy. But the man who rises here never raises his own class with him, as the late Mr. Seddon raised his class in New Zealand. The one condition on which a successful tradesman or professional man is admitted to the society of the equals is that he shall abandon all former associations, manners, friendships, and opinions. Even relatives, except those who are absolutely indispensable, are gradually dropped on the upward ascent. By this process the best blood and brains of the unlesured workers are constantly drawn off to renew the vitality of the aristocracy of All the Talents, just as the Empire replenishes itself from lower races, and London replenishes itself from the whole of the Empire. The English instinct for governing and managing—that silent, intangible, irresistible power of absorbing and suppressing—is concentrated in every part of its system; in the dominance of class as much as of race. This year, however, the Labor party has slightly roused the sleeping spirit of democracy, and a mild warfare has begun between those who are up and those who are down, each side hoping to suppress the other, and each inexpressibly shocked at the class bitterness, narrowness, greed, and general lack of obliging self-sacrifice in the other.

English civilization—the highest produced by the ages—has yet found no better method of binding the mass of

human beings together than by crushing down the many for the benefit of the few. The suppression of the weak and the exaltation of the strong remain as firm principles in this organized society as they are in animal life, only that they are disguised. The city follows the Roman example, and, reversing the Roman maxim, spares the proud and wars down the feeble. With the weak and the feeble are included all that are too fine, too delicate and sensitive, or too scrupulous for conflict. The general belief is that the subjects enjoy being ruled as much as the masters enjoy ruling, but this doctrine seems to have emanated from the masters. Even the family is held together more by authority than by love. Two common sayings amongst Englishmen are that "working men like a lord," and that "women like to be mastered." The great refinement of modern speech, combined with the admirable talent of our race for humbug, prevents the dominance of class or sex from being obtrusively disagreeable. The masculine ascendancy (as it is now called) has recently been revived, in connection with the effort to be strong and virile, and, if possible, "serenely savage." The severest comment that can be made on its results comes from the Englishmen themselves, for in conversation and in the Press they are never weary of attacking the spite, frivolity, vanity, extravagance, feebleness, deceitfulness, thievishness, and similar endearing qualities of the sex to which their mothers, wives, and daughters belong. Since all but a few exceptional Englishwomen completely agree with their countrymen's verdict, it would be presumptuous for a comparative stranger to deny that these may be their characteristics as a general rule, though without the authority of the professional thinkers I might not have arrived at quite the same conclusions, nor stated them quite so baldly. But cer-



tainly there is another type of woman in whom natural sweetness seems to have found some spiritual help from her rather suppressed condition. There is a kind of fine, selfless, gentle goodness, unconscious even of its own existence, that is to be found amongst Englishwomen, and that in its greatest perfection is more characteristic of them than of Americans or Colonials. But to make these saints it must take so many sinners. They must always be rare exceptions, and as a general rule the ascendancy does not seem to have worked out very satisfactorily.

Englishmen are never quite at their ease unless they are suppressing some one; they must have some one to look down upon. Below the smooth surface, the trim, correct, amiable manner, the old traditional British force exists unchanged. The *métier* of our race has always been to conquer and to govern. Every national quality fits Englishmen for this career; their practical ability; their stoical endurance of their own pain and their insensibility to the pain of others; their Olympic pose; their unparalleled genius for humbug; their unflinching determination to do right and also at the same time to get the better of every one else; but above all their enormous powers of absorption. The Olympic pose is a much subtler and more impressive thing than such a swagger as that of the Heidelberg Korps Student. Continentals, and also the unassimilated Colonials and Americans, recognize it, and occasionally chafe under it; but, however much they may criticise it in its absence, they all bow down before its presence. An impassive attitude has been the immemorial attribute of all ruling nations, from the days of the Romans to the days of the Turks. It suggests rather than claims a superiority to human passions and emotions. It does not seem to have been brought to perfection in England until after the close

of the Napoleonic wars, when London became the dominant city of the dominant race of the world. The keynote to the character of a twentieth-century Londoner is an unbounded Imperial pride. He never forgets himself; never gives himself away; he imputes to himself the loftiest motives and highest authority; when any accident proves him in the wrong, he has an amazing talent for saving his face and assuming to himself the merits of the very person or measure he has been fighting. Ten years hence, when the Women's Franchise Bill has become law, Mr. Asquith may be making a speech dwelling on the zeal his party has shown for political justice to women. Devices of this kind have always been familiar to pedagogues and masters. A subject should never be allowed to find out that his master can make mistakes, or that he can laugh or cry or fall ill or get into a temper. This is the real explanation of the dignified and unemotional dulness of many English households. It is not of himself as a mere individual that the Londoner is proud; in regard to his own attainments he is often extraordinarily modest. But he has an inordinate pride in his race and in his city, and in himself as a citizen. He never admits a doubt that in respect of being a Londoner he is immeasurably superior to any and every stranger, and on any and every point. Such a doubt no more occurs to him than it would have occurred to an Imperial Roman or Byzantine when comparing himself to a Barbarian. This attitude of his is useful in helping on the assimilation of fresh elements, for the stranger gets tired of paying continual tribute and claims citizenship, which is readily granted.

In the eighteenth century the nation was militant, and the national qualities were bluntly and brutally conspicuous. It was then that Goldsmith saw "the lords of human kind," and marked



"the pride in their port, defiance in their eye." To-day the "lords" have become polite; to the surprised admiration of the French. The age of blatant Jingoism has gone by. The struggle is over; the supremacy is won, and is worn now with sovereign courtesy. the foreigners are no longer saluted with brickbats and abuse, but with the smile of conscious superiority and amiable patronage. But however gently they are handled, they soon learn that they are in the grip of a very strong nationality. A common *motif* in Colonial stories, and one that is drawn from real life, is the mistaken contempt of the rougher, larger men of the backwoods for some exquisitely civilized "new-chum" English gentleman, who in the hour of danger proves himself the greatest hero of all. And it is true that even in the most savage wilds of the Empire there is not more mute heroism shown than the brick walls of London witness every day. Courage has, indeed, reached an almost non-human Stoicism here, attributable partly to the pride of race, but still more to the fierce fight for life and power. London, which upon the surface is a comedy, is below the surface a great tragedy. The civilization of feeling has gone only a few inches down, and beneath its crust the barbaric instincts of fighting and conquering have free play. They have changed their methods, and they have become hypocritical, but their object is still the same. There is only one religion in London whose worshippers are all devoutly sincere, and that is the cult of success. The city is nothing but a social battlefield, where every man's hand is against every other man and against every woman; where there are a few great prizes for the conquerors, a footing for those who can hold their own, and for the rest a place on the ground, in the dust and mud under the feet of the conquerors. The essential

spirit of this community is still force and strength. The real human fellowship is not yet in sight. In this city—"the greatest birth of time"—our race has discovered no other way of human beings coming into contact except by secret conflict. The young, the sick, the afflicted, and often, too, those who are spiritually finer than their fellows, fall and drop out of the ranks without a murmur. Even in the higher circles those who have failed know that they must pay the penalty of being slighted and shunned by former friends. It is for their failure that the prosperous Londoner detests the unemployed, and not for the alleged causes of self-indulgence and dislike to work, for these weaknesses are superstitiously admired when they appear amongst the leisured class. "All crimes are safe, but hated"—failure. All the vast charity of London has not got as far as the simple communism of the South Sea Islanders, who share their food with every member of the tribe. In London, under the feet of the dominant and successful, there is a mass of degraded, cramped, stunted humanity, incapable of rising, content with its abject condition, denied the birthright of savages, bound in industrial slavery, and fixed in an unacknowledged and hypocritical class-subjection. The conservative law that suppresses the mass, the conservative instinct that keeps them in their place, are nothing but the inherited law and the primal instincts of the brute and the barbarian.

The men and women of the New World, who inherit so large a share in this civilization and who yet are free to start over again, are by no means mental and moral infants. They may claim the right that English provincials have exercised in the past of observing and criticising freely, instead of merely sitting down in barren admiration. It is well for an Imperial nation, instead of merely reproducing itself in inferior

and dwarf copies, to give birth to new nations and to new systems of civilization. The future of the Colonies can never be in the direction of splen-

*The Nineteenth Century and After.*

did conquest and universal dominion, but it may be towards social advance and social independence.

*Edith Searle Grossmann.*

### A POET'S WIFE.

An ideally good wife is a subject so difficult to treat imaginatively that writers of fiction (which is not problematic) have generally and wisely said farewell to their heroines as these turn to enter their husbands' homes. Great poetry, and especially great classical poetry, has, indeed, been adequate to the task of making human and individual women whose charm and dignity lie in their goodness; and so we have, for our comfort, such figures as Andromache, Penelope and Alkestis.

Thackeray, among novelists, had an unfortunate interest in depicting his heroines after marriage, whereby he only raised up enemies for his creations. But where Thackeray failed, his master, Fielding, had succeeded so perfectly that all subsequent married heroines must either fall short of Amelia or reflect her charm.

If we take Fielding's Amelia and the Alkestis of Euripides as types of entirely unselfish wives we shall find a marked difference in the treatment of each. Amelia is the devoted woman as she appears to a man, single-minded, unquestioning, rejoicing in self-sacrifice. Alkestis is the devoted woman as she appears to herself; the sacrifice is as complete, the love as faithful, the demeanor as gentle; but she has instinctively passed the heaviest judgment on her companion—she has ceased to make any demand on him.

If fiction is shy of a type so serious, so simple, and so consoling, in the pages of biography we find it under every disguise of age and clime and estate, but everywhere constant to its

task of making some man's effort possible, or of consoling some man's sense of failure. In the inscrutable economy of Nature it is not to the man who deserves, but to the weaker brother who needs such a wife, that the best woman is given. Let it be enough for us, as it is for her, if the undeserving is at least the fondly appreciative.

In the eight long volumes of Thomas Moore's *Correspondence* it is easy enough to see his weaknesses as a man and his shortcomings as a husband. He loved pleasure and flattery and fashionable society, he could not refuse an invitation, he left his beautiful wife at home economising, while he warbled moving melodies at other women's pianos, but never for one moment was he blind to her true and incomparable worth. There is no single mention of his Bessie but shows some admirable and lovable trait. From first to last he delights to record the impression her remarkable beauty made on all who saw her; her goodness to the poor, her piety, her unselfish economy never lost their power to touch his warm Irish heart. As the years passed and sorrows multiplied, something of reverence, of tender awe, mingled with his familiar affection.

In 1811 when he was thirty-two years old, Moore's whole assets were two volumes of poetry, "each warmer than the former," a large acquaintance with all that was gayest and most fashionable in London, vague hopes of advancement from the patronage of Lord Moira, parents living over the paternal grocery shop in Dublin more or less

dependent on him, a light heart, the faintest suspicion of a brogue, a charming wit, and a voice in singing that would "wile the bird from the briar." Add to this the judgment of one of the shrewdest of his friends: "You were always the slave of beauty, say what you please to the contrary . . . and as likely a gentleman to make a mistake in that way as any I know." Nor does the history of his courtship contradict the impression. He had gone down to Kilkenny with a set of other gay fellows for some private theatricals, in which two young actresses, Misses Dyke, also took part. The intimacy of rehearsals, moonlight walks by the river, "snug little dinners" with the two girls and their widowed mother—such were the setting of Love's Young Dream for the impressionable poet and the innocent and beautiful girl.

The Dykes were probably a theatrical family. Bessie's only sister was on the stage, and married William Murray, lessee of one of the Edinburgh theatres, who is mentioned more than once in Scott's diary. The widowed mother plays a rather sorry part in Moore's diary; she is never mentioned except as the recipient of stray five-pound notes, painfully saved by her daughter or generously bestowed by her son-in-law. The couple were married secretly in London, and in May, from lodgings in Brompton, Moore introduced his bride into the most formidable of societies to the shy and unknown, that of the gay and well-born and witty. They all tried to be kind to her, declared her to be "very beautiful," nicknamed her Psyche, and evidently found her very difficult to get on with. Rogers, who kept his bitter remarks for the prosperous and his querulousness for his intimates, was apparently the first of her husband's friends to dispel her shyness and gain her timid confidence.

London was full of social terrors

for the young wife, and, because he was honestly and heartily in love, Moore consented to turn his back on the town and carry her off to a cottage in the country. "As for that most ungrateful of Bessies," wrote one of the kindest of Moore's women friends, "she has made the most favorable impression on all those hearts she was in such a hurry to run away from." Nature never meant more to Moore the poet than the background of a *fête champêtre*. The "last" was probably also the first "rose of summer" to attract his attention. Two things only were necessary to him in the country, a large library and some friendly great house where he could still keep up with all that was gayest and cleverest in the world of politics or fashion. Conversation was the medium in which he did his thinking, singing to responsive drawing-room audiences the condition of his lyrical inspiration. Lord Moira had been his first friend and patron, and it was in the neighborhood of his place in Leicestershire that the Moores found their first modest home. Moore, with his poetic fame, his ready wit, his exquisite singing, was an invaluable social element, and, to do them justice, the great people were quite willing to extend their kindness to Bessie.

At first Moore imperfectly realized that difficulties might arise on her side. His own womenkind would have entered into the situation with eager gratitude. The little vivacious Irish mother in Dublin had worked and prayed single-mindedly for Tom's social advancement; when, at a later period, the Lansdownes showed kind civility to his sister Ellen, that simple little lady shed tears of gratitude and delight. Moore knew the flutter of pleasure it would excite in the Dublin home circle when he wrote passages like this. "I think it would have pleased you to see my wife in one of

Lord Moira's carriages, with his servant riding after her and Lady London's crimson travelling cloak round her to keep her comfortable." But though he himself was instinctively most at home in the houses of the great, Moore could love and respect the "democratic pride" which made Bessie turn to the society of her equals. She drank tea at the vicarage and made friends with the doctor's family, and, young and inexperienced as she was, found her way into cottages where age and want were brightened by her presence; meanwhile Tom was free to accept visits to Chatsworth and to stay with the High Sheriff. He had some economic scruples—creditable in a family man—on the score of the expense of visiting. His coat was showing wear at the seams; it was awkward going to a duke's house without a servant. But the social instinct was too strong, and there is always a remedy for shabby clothes, though not an economical one. The new coat from London had to be altered by a country tailor, but with a new and seditious poem on the Prince Regent in his wallet, the little poet's success among the Whig lords and ladies was quite independent of clothes. Paying visits is not the way for a poet to find inspiration nor to effect economies. At the High Sheriff's Moore was kept a prisoner on a diet of salmon and champagne till a remittance from his publishers enabled him to tip the servants and depart with credit.

There were, however, gaieties at home, in which Bessie took part with shy pleasure. At a ball at Ashbourne, their little country town, she was almost frightened by the admiration she excited. Her husband was in the midst of writing *Lalla Rookh*, and to please him she wore a turban, which better than any other head-dress became "the wild poetic beauty of her face."

Rogers came down once or twice and made flying visits, not unalloyed pleasure to Moore; the thorns were never quite concealed in the roses in Rogers's conversation. With a rich man's preconceptions of what a poor man's economies ought to be, he animadverted on the superfluity of maids and melted butter in the Moore *ménage*. But to Bessie he was uniformly kind; when he discovered that her greatest happiness was helping her poor neighbors, he appointed her his almoner. It was he, too, who found a new name for Psyche when three little baby girls came to fill her arms; writing to Moore he sends greeting to the Madonna della Sedla.

The death of Olivia Byron, the youngest of the three babies, was the first of many sorrows that were to try that gentle heart. Moore—always tender in his ways with his wife—could hardly persuade her to leave the little body, so heartbreakingly fair in its white coldness.

Heavier was the loss two years later when rosy, sturdy little Barbara died in consequence of a fall. Moore had been enjoying a bachelor holiday with Rogers in Paris, but arrived in time to stand by his wife in her exceeding sorrow. He fully shared her grief, and was, besides, deeply concerned for her. But from this time forward there was a change in Bessie; she is the same tender, unselfish creature, only she makes fewer demands, she lives her own life; Amella has become Alkestis.

A new home in a new country had to be found. A small house, a garden, kindly neighbors were what Bessie longed for, a patron and a library the essentials for her husband. The latter requisites were the first to be secured. Lord Lansdowne, the kindest, most unaffected and cultivated of the great Whig lords, was eager to secure Moore as a neighbor at his place at Bowood in Wiltshire. The society and the li-

brary were above criticism, but the small thatched cottage, the only residence available, seemed to Moore below even their humble pretensions. To Bessie the thatch, the porch, the garden looked invitingly homelike, and the rent of forty pounds a year for house and furniture had a blessed promise of peace to one already too well acquainted with the certainties of expenditure and the uncertainties of income.

At first the shadow of the big house fell heavily on Bessie's soul. She waited to accept an invitation to Bowood till she could go in the shelter of the poet Bowles and his respectable old wife. But nothing could prevent the wave of isolation that swept over her in that large house, where all the rest of the company were old acquaintances and talked a brilliant idiom she could not master. Manners were more formal in those days, and it was years before Bessie found out that Lady Lansdowne was a woman as humble, devout and tender-hearted as herself, whose secret habit it was to tend the sick and poor with womanly, personal service. At first even Moore was abashed by her restrained manners. It is quite probable that a woman so good as Lady Lansdowne had misgivings about the translator of *Anacreon* and the author of *Little's Poems*. But on nearer acquaintance she convinced herself that there was no shadow of harm in the brilliant little man, while he brought three delightful qualifications into society, an infectious sense of enjoyment, witty and sympathetic talk at table, and afterwards a gift of song that melted his hearers into happy tears. So indispensable a guest did he become at Bowood that his room there was kept always ready. Once when Lord Lansdowne found him unexpectedly a guest at his breakfast table he laughingly compared him to the tramps who do

not know in the morning where they will find their bed in the evening.

About a year after the Moores were settled in their pretty cottage at Sloperston, a baby boy was born, a cause of delight to both parents. After reading the last sad chapters of the *Diary* one recurs with curious feelings to this cheerful entry: "Walked to Devizes for money; the little Prodigal is no sooner born than money is wanted for him."

Moore would gladly have had Lord Lansdowne for godfather, "but I hate asking and Bessie, who is independence to her heart's core, hates it still more." However, one day when Bessie was asleep in the little drawing-room upstairs and Tom taking his mid-day dinner with Baby Anastasia in the dining-room, Lord Lansdowne knocked at the door. He had heard of the sudden death of Romilly and was so eager for the sympathy which Moore was always ready to bestow that, when denied at the door, he begged to be allowed to go upstairs to write a note. Should Bessie be disturbed or his Lordship shown into an atmosphere of beef and turnips? Moore was gentleman and humorist enough not to apologize for his surroundings; Lord Lansdowne's heart was full of his dead friend, and in the genial intimacy of that little visit Moore "felt the long thought of request to him to be godfather rising to my tongue . . . did so and he consented with much kindness." Whether Bessie was perfectly pleased when she woke up and her husband went up to tell her, one has no means of guessing; she was not—so one gathers—apt to be critical of her husband's actions.

So irrepressible were Moore's social instincts that he could no more resist the county ball at Devizes than he could absent himself from the brilliant circle at Bowood. He notes more than once in his diary how, coming home in the small hours, he found Bessie

keeping up the fire, having prepared a nice little supper for him—just as Amelia would have done. It is something that her little kindnesses were never taken for granted by her husband. Delicate health and shyness accounted in part for Bessie's retired life, but there were also toilet difficulties into which her husband entered with unusual understanding for a man. Like a man, too, he only knew one and that an extravagant way out of the difficulties. He acquiesced when the lack of a bonnet prevented his wife from attending the consecration of the chapel at Bowood, but when a ball was in question he was more urgent.

"After a long discussion with the dear girl, in which I in vain endeavored to persuade her to get a new gown for the occasion, she consented to go if I would allow her to go in the old one which, she assured me, was good enough for a poor poet's wife." "The whole affair," he writes later, "was very splendid, and my sweet Bess (though sadly underdressed for the occasion) looked very handsome and enjoyed it all as much as if she had been covered with diamonds."

But Bessie could on occasion also enjoy the peaceful sense and "disinvolture" that spring from the consciousness of pretty and becoming clothes. It was after their return from France that she and Moore were dining at Bowood, "Bessie looking very handsome in her simple *barège*." At dinner Moore, looking down the table, saw her happily placed in the kind protection of her constant friend, Lord John Russell, and on the way home she told him in high spirits that after dinner all the women had admired her dress and been very kind to her.

Bessie had her own little hospitalities, too, at the cottage, a dance for instance, where eleven couples "took the floor" in Moore's little study and supped on the champagne and oysters

which, in his lavish fashion, he had ordered down from London.

Publishers and editors were extraordinarily enterprising and generous where Moore was concerned. He himself remarks that the views of poets are matter-of-fact compared to the sanguine imagination of men of business. For "*Lalla Rookh*" Longmans paid down three thousand pounds, and for the satiric squibs sent to the *Times*, Moore was paid at the rate of four hundred pounds a year while they lasted. First and last he received more than thirty thousand pounds for his writing, but the money was always being forestalled, and one fears that Moore and his wife were never free from embarrassment. It must be remembered that Moore would never accept the assistance offered freely by his rich friends, and that, at all times, he most generously assisted his relatives in Dublin. But when these facts have been placed to the credit side there remains enough of habitual and meaningless expenditure to have tried the cheerfulness and temper of any other woman. Rogers, who gossiped rather spitefully about the very friends whom he helped so generously, used to assert that Mrs. Moore kept her household on a guinea a week while Moore would spend the same sum in the same time on gloves and hackney cabs.

In Moore's journal the reader meets again and again with monetary crises which make his heart sink with sympathetic anxiety only to find on the next page the poet paying—a little ruefully—twenty-one pounds for his entrance fee at Brooks's, or purring over an overcoat which Mr. Nugee, the fashionable tailor, assured him would confer immortality on maker and wearer. Just as often the extravagance springs from reckless kindness, as when he took two state cabins for Bessie and her two children on their voyage to



Edinburgh and paid fourteen pounds for them. Unlike Scott, Moore could not justify his extravagances by putting more pressure on his work. Such entries as "at work all day," or "nothing to record but a monotony of work," occur often enough, but, on examining the dates, one finds that these periods of steady work rarely lasted more than "from the 5th till the 9th." More and more as years went on he shrank from periodic literary obligation. He refused a temporary post as leader writer on the *Times* at a salary of one hundred pounds a month. Once when Bessie in one room was seriously debating whether she could afford herself a five-shilling fare into Devizes Moore in the study was refusing a thousand pounds offered by a quixotic publisher for a poem one third the length of "Lalla Rookh." To us there seems nothing incongruous in the author of "Paradise and the Peri" editing the "Keepsake" at a salary of seven hundred pounds a year, but Moore was jealous of his dignity and probably wisely so. "The fact is, it is my name brings these offers and my name would suffer by accepting them." If any one may be pardoned for deteriorating under a weight of sordid cares it is a woman who struggles by minute economies to meet expenditure over which she has no control. But Bessie had that natural largeness of nature that nothing can cramp. Speaking of her personal economies, Moore wrote, "but in matters of necessity or generosity or honest credit she will go to the last farthing." When a young friend marries, having no money to buy a present, she must needs send a beautiful tabinet gown, recently received as a gift. Even the recipient writes regretfully, "Why did you not keep your handsome gown for your own handsome self?"

Rarer than generosity is a just perception of the financial rights of others when these clash with our own.

In 1837 Longmans were bringing out the collected edition of Moore's works, and Mrs. Power, the widow of the publisher of the *Irish Melodies*, demanded a thousand pounds for the copyright. "This the Longmans think too much, and so it probably is; but my dear, generous and just-minded Bess thinks otherwise, and (though she knows a large outlay in that quarter must necessarily trench upon my share of the emolument) hopes most earnestly that Mrs. Power, for the sake of her family, will refuse to take any less. A rare bird is Bess in more ways than one."

She had a pretty, cunning way of economizing by pilfering from the change which the poet left about in his careless manner and then surprising him with the little hoard when he needed some special indulgence. From 1820 to 1822 the Moores were in France—partly in Paris, partly in the neighborhood of Meudon. The defalcation of a man of business had plunged them into difficulty, and they had gone abroad to escape the peculiar horror of the time—a debtors' prison—but they cannot be said to have economized. ¶

From July 1 till October 21 Bessie noted that they had not spent one quiet evening; the only night they dined alone she said, "This is the first rational evening we have spent." In this whirl of engagements Moore was attempting to read up the history of Ancient Egypt for his tale "The Epicurean." He required a certain "Voyage de Pythagore," a book costing three napoleons; but, with a recklessness that recalls Rosamund and the Purple Jar, he must needs take his wife, his daughter, her schoolmistress, and a little schoolfellow to Père la Chaise, give them a dinner at the Cadran Bleu, take them all to the theatre, and end up somewhere with iced punch, an entertainment not generally associated with childhood! Bessie was not a conscien-

tious moralist; she had no idea of educating Tom by letting him bear the consequences of his own actions. When he counted the cost of the evening and found it had swallowed up his three napoleons, she told him that she had "saved by little pilferings from him four napoleons, and that he should have them for his book." One can imagine Fielding's Amelia playing this pretty trick on her husband and giving him the money with the same tender smile.

Stifling and agitating as pecuniary troubles are, Bessie had learned to face them with calmness, turning all the energy of her loving nature into contrivance and management. Far heavier sorrows were to fall to her lot. The two little dead daughters were unforgettably. After an interval of ten years the sight of Barbara's grave moved her mother to a passion of tears. In Paris she had her Anastasia, whose graceful dancing was a delight to her father, and little Tom, a beautiful boy like his mother; a year or two later Russell was born, "sweet Buss," his mother's special companion and delight. Moore says of himself that anxiety about his children almost spoils his pleasure in them. In all troubles, whether of day and way, or the more acute anxieties about health, he knew but one method—he had to throw himself into the social life always so ready to receive him; he was, only too faithfully,

the friend . . . who  
Forgot his own griefs to be happy with  
you.

The griefs were there; when he returned home and met them face to face, they overwhelmed him. Then Bessie

Who could not be unmanned,  
No! nor outwomaned,

would quietly urge him to return to

that gay life which always served as an anodyne for him. Like Alkestis she rendered all wifely dues to her husband except the dearest and most essential, the claiming support from him. Like Alkestis, too, her most passionate yearning of heart may have been given to the children.

From February 1828 to February 1829 she had watched the decline of Anastasia, a gentle, lovable girl approaching the age when an only daughter becomes a second youth to her mother. Within a month of the end Moore writes: "The dreadful truth at last forced itself upon me that there was but little hope for our poor girl. Bessie herself has known (and been wasting away on the knowledge of) it these three weeks, but feared to distress me by telling me of it."

If, reading this saddest of narratives, we are tempted to contrast the mother whose beautiful, worn face looked "always so nice and cheerful" to the restless child waking up in the fire-lit small hours, with the father shrinking so painfully from the fear of pain, we must remember that it is from his record that we draw our knowledge of "that perfection of all womanly virtue that exists in my beloved Bessie."

It was an age when evangelical piety sought to turn innocent children into self-conscious saints, and alas! aimed as carefully at preparing young souls for an edifying death-bed as for a useful life. Two generations of religious story-books and biographies attest this tendency. Two weeks before, in a stage-coach, a pretty "little saint" of twelve years old had amused Moore by her zeal for his soul, asking him if he really felt all he wrote in the Sacred Melodies. "Moore shrank," says Lord John Russell, "from disturbing his child's mind with religious preparation, but Mrs. Moore had long before inculcated in her daughter's mind those lessons of piety which she was so well

qualified to impart." Lord John's warm regard for his friend's wife rings true and serious through all his formal phrasing.

During that last fortnight Moore dedicated to the dying girl all the social charm and entertaining ways that the world found so irresistible. "What nice evenings we have," the child would say contentedly. She was her father's child, with his sensibility and his gift of music. "Shall I try to sing, mamma?" she asked one night. "Do, my love"; and she immediately began her father's little Bacchanalian song with its curiously pathetic opening line  
When in death I shall calmly recline.

Intent only on keeping her arms round the child and warding off from her the terrors and pains of death, Bessie hardly felt her own anguish, and even in the darkest of the valley she had thought for her husband, who, in some ways was as much her child as the dying girl on her bosom. When it came near the end, "Bessie knowing what an effect (through my whole life) it would have on me, implored me not to be present at it."

Unfaltering, with her tender cheerful voice, she answered the child's wild cry, "I shall die, I shall die!" with the simple words "We pray to God continually for you, my dear Anastasia, and I am sure God must love you because you have always been a good girl."

Even at the very end, when she called Moore in to take his last good-bye, she held her beautiful head between his sight and the death-stricken child, that his memory should carry away no painful image of the young face he loved. But to herself so dear was the wasted little body that she would suffer no one else to do the last offices. She laid her snowdrops in the coffin and then turned again to her great task of loving and upholding and consoling.

Henceforth she was, like Job, "to sit as chief . . . as one that comforteth mourners."

Wherever there was sorrow or sickness she had the right of free entry. She and her husband were to dine at Lacock Abbey, one of the great places in the neighborhood of her home, and Bessie, already dressed, walked over to the curate's house to find him dangerously ill and the family in great distress. Moore had to go to his party alone and, returning home next morning, found that his wife had been up all night with the sick man. When next she dined at Lacock Abbey, the hostess, Lady Elizabeth Fielding, whispered mischievously to Moore, "I suppose there is nobody dying in your neighborhood or we should not have had Mrs. Moore here to-day." Poor Lady Elizabeth, she herself had always found it "such an agreeable world and so pleasant to live in" that she had been impatient of those who found it sad, yet when her time came to sit among mourners, in the first hours of sorrow it was to Bessie Moore and to her alone that she turned for the comfort that no one else could afford.

There were many pleasant things in Bessie's quiet days at Sloperton. Country life, that *finer fleur* of English civilization, was probably never more attractive than in the twenties and thirties of the last century. The country had not as yet been invaded by industries; old cottages, old farms, old manor houses, old gardens, gave color and a pleasant flavor of antiquity to the fair, green, prosperous landscape. The small socialities of a country neighborhood, the kindly intimacies of those who lived within easy reach and met often without effort or ceremony, made up a life which seems very peaceful and charming as we find it in novels and story-books of the period. Benevolence performed its simple

tasks of clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, and training tidy little maid-servants, untroubled by economic principles, unappalled by economic problems. Ladies drove about in low phaetons, visited the schools and the sick, worked in their gardens and exchanged new and rare bulbs and seeds. When we find Bessie and her sons going to archery meetings and winning silver arrows we feel that we are coming almost into touch with Leech and his delightful girls and garden-parties. The intimacy with Bowood grew easier and more affectionate as the years passed. We find Lady Lansdowne providing little Russell with gardening tools and sending Bessie flowers for her hanging baskets, but one can best measure the growth of intimacy between these two rare women by "the smart little bonnet" which on one occasion Lady Lansdowne ventured to bring for Mrs. Moore from Paris.

Within a quarter of a mile the Moores had as neighbors one of the most distinguished and most genial families in England. Colonel—afterwards Sir William—Napier was the first of them to make Mrs. Moore's acquaintance when they came into the neighborhood. He found her sitting amid tapes, bills and children's frocks. He had a capable man's respect for capacity wherever he met it, an affectionate man's recognition of the grace and sweetness of a home which was, in many respects, like his own, and, as a radical with an eager sympathy with the poor, he entered heartily into Mrs. Moore's plans for her village neighbors.

Besides all these pleasant things that fell to the lot of all other ladies contented with a country life, Bessie had the dear delight of sharing her husband's honors. He might well talk of his "friendly fame," for wherever he went people of all kinds, ships' officers, upholsterers, London link boys ("Call for Tim Flaberty, Misthur Moore, shure

I'm the bhoy that pathronizes the Melodies!"), all hailed the little poet with acclaim, and if Bessie heard of these things her heart exulted, and if she were present she frankly held out her hand too, and returned the friendly greeting.

In 1835 the pecuniary anxiety which had always overshadowed the Moore household was largely removed by a pension of £300 a year secured by Lord Lansdowne's good offices. Moore was in Ireland at the time, and Bessie could hardly believe in the reality of such good fortune.

"Can it really be true that you have a pension of three hundred a year? . . . Should it turn out true, I know not how we can be thankful enough to those who gave it, nor to a Higher Power." Then with sweet, practical instinct, she turns to the true uses to be made of such opulence. "If it be true, pray give dear Ellen" (Moore's sister) "twenty pounds, and insist on her drinking five pounds' worth of wine yearly, to be paid for out of the three hundred a year. . . . Three hundred a year; how delightful!" she repeats, as if the prosaic words were the refrain of a song. "But I have my fears that it is only a castle in the air. . . . I shall go to bed that I may dream of it and have that pleasure at least." Little Russell's comment, "Now papa will not have to work so hard, and will be able to go out a little," sounds severely ironical, when one notes that in London Moore's daily engagements were six deep, and that even in the country he dined and slept out three days out of five; but Russell used the word "out" in its only rational sense, "out into the open," into the garden where Bessie nailed up the honeysuckle in the porch and planted the pink *hypatica* in the sunny border. There is a little postscript to her letter such as Amelia might have written if that dear woman had had Bessie's

sense of humor: "N.B.—If this good news be true it will make a great difference to my eating. I shall then indulge in butter to my potatoes. Mind you do not tell this piece of gluttony to any one!"

And here the story should end. But life, more inexorable than any story, will not pause at the pleasant places. Before many years the bitterest of all cries was to be wrung from that patient heart: "Why do people sigh for children? They do not know that sorrow will come with them."

Moore had honestly tried to do his best for his two sons. Through the kindness of friends he had got nominations for both for the Charterhouse. When the fond parents bring the lad to the matron's room and Master Sydney Smith is sent for, and the big boy who is to be Tom's monitor, we are irresistibly reminded of little Clive Newcome and Mr. Arthur Pendennis. Moore smoothed Tom's way by tipping the older lads half a sovereign each, while—very inconsistently—Bessie took her own boy aside to impress on him that *he* is never to accept money except from his parents. Every time Moore was in London—three or four times a year—he had Tom out for the day, and when they were not at Astley's or the play, Master Tom accompanied his father to dine at Holland House or at the Lansdownes or at the Lockharts, where he must have been much in the way. So the boy grew up with his mother's singular beauty, his father's social gifts, the habits of fashionable society and empty pockets, and then, to crown his disadvantages, obtained a commission in the army.

In every friendship between people of very different fortunes, there come moments when the poorer man would gladly exchange all his friend's generosity for a little imaginative appreciation of his difficulties.

Rogers in Dublin had probably heard

disquieting accounts of young Tom's expenditure in the regiment; and he candidly demonstrated to Moore the importance of making the boy a sufficient allowance to enable him to "live like a gentleman." Moore could only trust himself to say that Rogers little knew how hard he was pressed to make up the allowance he gave his son, but in his journal he adds bitterly (and truly): "'Live like a gentleman!' as if living like a man were not something far better and higher. . . . If I had thought but of living 'like a gentleman' (as those colonels and tutors of colleges style it) what would have become of my dear father and mother, my sweet sister Nell, my admirable Bessie's mother?"

Alas! Tom was not one of the "rare instances" that can live in the army on small means; he was too much his father's son for that. This new trouble was one which Bessie could not ward off from her husband by bearing the brunt of it herself. She had to forward to him a bill of Tom's for one hundred and twelve pounds and wrote: "I can hardly bring myself to send you the enclosed. It has caused me tears and sad thoughts but to you it will bring these and hard, hard work besides."

Russell, the second boy, his mother's special comfort and companion, had gone out, full of high hopes and generous resolves, to India, only to return within a year, stricken with consumption. "She is a wonderful woman," said gentle, sincere Lady Lansdowne after visiting Bessie in the anxious days when she sat, sorrowful but collected, waiting for the boy's return.

There is a comfort in the power of  
love.

'Twill make a thing endurable which  
else

Would upset the brain and break the  
heart.



The six months that Bessie spent with her dying boy, drew ever closer to her a heart as innocent and affectionate as her own; on the day he died mother and son broke the sacramental bread together.

There were troubles enough to be faced when, quietly and even cheerfully, she took up again the thread of her life. It was a year after Russell's death, when the parents were again tried by young Tom's money difficulties, that this entry occurs in Moore's diary, the loveliest in all the eight volumes. "A strange life mine, but the best as well as the pleasantest part of it lies at home. I told my dear Bessie this morning that, while I stood at my study window looking out at her as she crossed the field, I sent a blessing after her. 'Thank you, Bird,'<sup>1</sup> she said; 'that is better than money.' And so it is." Better, too, one ventures to think, than "Love's Young Dream."

Two of Moore's sweet artificial lyrics gain a touching significance when we connect them with his wife's experience. Three years after Russell's death, in 1845, the eldest son, Tom, was also dead, atoning, poor boy, by many hardships, sickness, and severe service in the Foreign Legion of Algiers for his short career of extravagance and folly. But when her house was left childless, and no one seemed left to claim her motherliness, Bessie's husband was thrown upon her care with

*The Gentleman's Magazine.*

more than a child's helplessness. When wit was extinguished and memory gone and the poor brain perplexed, two strong instincts remained—complete dependence on his wife and the passion for music. When unable to sing himself, he would listen to her singing his songs. Think of the beautiful, sad woman of fifty-eight sitting in that darkened home singing to the feeble old man beside her:

Come, rest in this bosom, my own  
stricken deer,  
Though the herd hath fled from thee,  
thy home is still here.  
Here still is the smile that no cloud  
can o'ercast,  
And a heart and a hand all thy own to  
the last.

As long as her husband was alive she had—the first need of her heart—some one to love and care for; but he died in 1852, and it was in 1865—within the memory of the middle-aged among us—that the widowed wife and childless mother found her rest. She lived on at Sloperton, and, in the little study she had so cleverly contrived for her husband and in the garden where she had played with her children, she felt,

... Like one who treads alone  
Some banquet hall deserted,  
Whose lights are fled,  
Whose glories dead,  
And all but she departed. .

*Florence MacCunn.*

## THE ENEMY'S CAMP.

### CHAPTER XVII.

To all appearance Mr. Lauriston, who, as has been seen, had strolled away from Cicely's side before his cigar was quite finished, was taking a leisurely but absorbing interest in the minute

things of the morning. The attitude of the sun, the direction of the wind, the shadows of the trees, all seemed fully to occupy his attention in turn. And then there was Martin who was chopping up the fallen limb of an elm-tree for firewood, a sight which is suf-

<sup>1</sup> Mrs. Moore's name for her husband from their early married days.



ficiently engrossing for the after-breakfast mood.

But in reality Mr. Lauriston's mind was only half open to these impressions; he was occupied with a problem which had now been perturbing him for several days and which even threatened to invade his nights also. "Martin," he said suddenly, "you've been about a good deal. I suppose you haven't happened to notice such a thing as a Gladstone bag anywhere?"

Martin, who had only been waiting to be spoken to that he might rest from the not over-congenial labor suggested by Mrs. Lauriston for his spare moments, found this an excellent excuse for straightening his back, and he looked at his master with as much astonishment as is permitted to a retainer who has had the advantage of seeing service in Ealing. "Gladstone bag, sir? No, I can't say as I have. Have you any idea at all whereabouts you dropped it, sir?"

The habits inculcated by such a training as Martin had had soon reasserted their sway, and only in the repetition of the two words did his surprise affect his speech. The rest of his utterances betrayed no more than polite interest tempered by zeal.

Mr. Lauriston, however, was not unaware that he had nearly shaken the completeness of Martin's confidence. "Oh, it is not mine," he hastened to add; "it belongs to a friend of mine. If you should happen to come across it, you might let me know. It will be somewhere on the other side of the river."

"Very good, sir," said Martin with an impassivity that in the circumstances was highly creditable. It is doubtful if Mr. Lauriston's explanatory effort was much less surprising than his original question.

"By the way, there will be no occasion to mention such a thing to your mistress," added Mr. Lauriston, not

that he doubted, but to disarm the possibility of doubt.

"Very good, sir," said Martin again.

"And, Martin," his master continued, "I want you to put me across the river in the boat. Some of the ladies may wish to use it this morning, so I had better not keep it there. I am going to take a walk. You can fetch me back about one o'clock." So saying Mr. Lauriston threw away the stump of his cigar, and they both moved towards the little creek in which the boat was moored.

Martin landed his master on the other bank and returned shaking his head slowly and solemnly from side to side. "There don't look nothing amiss with him," he thought.

Mr. Lauriston now safely on the other bank turned his steps down stream, not observing a figure which disappeared behind a haystack in the furthest corner of the meadow. He soon came to the belt of wood already mentioned, and entering it turned to the left along a narrow path which led to a small clearing. Here he paused, sat down on an old stump, lighted a fresh cigar and waited. Presently there was a crackling of the undergrowth and Charles appeared carrying two bottles of beer and two glasses, which he placed on another stump as he greeted Mr. Lauriston.

"You haven't found it yet, I suppose?" said the first comer.

Charles shook his head. "I pretty well finished this part of the wood yesterday, too," he said. "It's awfully good of you to come and help."

Mr. Lauriston modestly disclaimed any special merit. "The fact is," he explained, "it gives me something to do, and I like looking for things, always did from my childhood. I delighted in scouting when I was a volunteer."

"I'm much obliged to you all the same," said Charles, "I've covered

twice the amount of ground since I've had you to help."

"Not at all," said Mr. Lauriston with the contradictory politeness so dear to the Briton. "I declare yesterday gave me quite an appetite. Now, where are we going to begin?"

"Well," said Charles reconnoitring the ground with his eye, "I don't think it's anywhere close at hand. I vote we leave this part and go right into the wood. You bear away to the left and I'll go to the right; then we shan't run the risk of covering the same ground twice. We'll come back here for a drink about twelve if that suits you."

This suggestion did suit Mr. Lauriston, and he was about to begin his task when a thought occurred to him. "By the way," he said, "I'm not so young as I was,"—Charles politely denied this—"and there is the chance of its being up a tree; I can't climb trees as I could."

A certain license of reminiscent speech is permitted to gentlemen who are no longer young, and it is hardly worth mentioning that Mr. Lauriston had never been able to climb trees. That he could not do so now, however, was a point that Charles had to take into consideration. After a moment's reflection he answered: "These trees are not big enough to hide it, if it is anywhere in the branches; it's a good big bag; so you're certain to see it. Shout for me and I'll come and climb for it."

Mr. Lauriston promised to do so and they separated, each turning to his allotted portion of wood.

Of the search little need be said. Looking for a Gladstone bag in a wood is not unlike looking for a tennis-ball in a shrubbery, an occupation in which Mr. Lauriston, from frequent practice at Ealing, had become tolerably expert. There was a shrubbery at each end of the tennis-lawn and the netting was

hardly adequate to cope with the variety of Cicely's strokes; she was accustomed to leave all that could be left to her partner, but now and then there comes a ball that cannot be avoided without great exertion; this ball it was her custom to remove as far from herself as she could, frequently employing the device by which the missile is received on the racket and transferred to some indefinite point behind one's right shoulder. Mr. Lauriston was, as a rule, his niece's partner by virtue of the social law which ordains that when of any given four three are women it shall be the masculine prerogative to be considered the best player and accordingly to pair off with the worst. So it came about that Mr. Lauriston spent much time in the shrubberies while Cicely made suggestions and calculations on the other side of the netting.

Cicely had a theory that when a ball was thoroughly lost you could effect much by throwing a second ball after it at a venture, the idea being of course that one ball found the other; but the effect, as her exasperated uncle had been known to declare, sometimes was that, though the one ball doubtless found the other, he himself lost both. It may have been the likeness of occupation that brought Cicely's theory to his mind after an hour of stooping, craning, poking into the undergrowth with his stick, and generally arduous searching. As he paused awhile to rest he could not help wondering whether there might not be something in it, and whether if he sent Martin to hide his own Gladstone bag in the wood the result might not be satisfactory.

In order to think the matter over he made his way to a gate which opened out of the wood into a meadow, for he had followed Charles's instructions as to keeping well to the left. Leaning on this gate he lighted another cigar

(an excess of his morning allowance amply justified by the honest toil which made him mop his brow) and meditated dreamily. And as he meditated objections to the scheme began to rise up before him. For one thing, Martin might hide the bag somewhere where he would never think of looking.—in that haystack opposite for instance. No one ever puts Gladstone bags in haystacks; no one ever looks for them there. And then Martin might forget where he had put it, and so there would be two Gladstone bags like Cicely's tennis-balls—hopelessly lost. No, the idea was not feasible. And with this Mr. Lauriston shook himself into wakefulness once more. and remembering that Charles had talked of refreshment at about this hour, he went back to the rendezvous.

After they had rested and refreshed themselves there still remained a good half-hour of valuable time, which Charles suggested might be utilized for exploring a meadow or two. It would be a change, he said, from the confinement of the wood. Mr. Lauriston assented and they forthwith entered the meadow in the corner of which was the haystack with which the reader is now familiar. It caught Charles's practised eye at once. "Did you come on that by any chance?" he said. "You must have got pretty near it."

"Oh, yes," said Mr. Lauriston, "it isn't there." And indeed he was under the impression that he had settled the point practically as well as logically, so curiously are the workings of an active mind and a tired body interwoven. Charles had complete confidence in Mr. Lauriston and he dismissed the haystack from his thoughts, turning to the river bank, which was thickly fringed with tall reeds. Here an unscrupulous person who did not mind exposing another person's property to the risk of damp might have concealed many Gladstone bags.

Meanwhile in the next meadow, two people were engaged in argument. "But it's much too big," objected Cicely. "They won't believe I ever caught it all by myself." It was a large chub which Talbot, not without an uncomfortable remembrance of Izaak Walton's disinterested generosity to the milkmaid, was pressing upon Cicely's acceptance. The perch had not been on the feed, a fact which Cicely in feminine wise had been inclined to attribute to lack of skill on the part of her angler. When indeed an hour had passed by without a bite she had remarked that it was a pity that she had not brought her own rod, as she would not like to go back without anything. And then,—for they were now on sufficiently intimate terms for her to tease him—she had hinted that the fisherman was too smartly attired; his hat, she thought, had frightened the perch away.

Talbot was rather annoyed; he considered Cicely ungrateful, but there were several reasons why he could not say so. Instead he was inflicting upon her a long dissertation on the unstable nature of fishes, and was about to assure her somewhat warmly that even the best angler could not always succeed, when he had an unexpected bite and succeeded in landing the chub in question, a fish of some three pounds. Thereupon he altered the form of his peroration and pointed out that patience, not uncombined with skill, was bound to achieve result in the end. Cicely was convinced; there was no doubt as to the result and her opinion of Talbot went up; but she hesitated as to the propriety of accepting the fish. In the first place she felt that she would never be able to remember its Latin name, which was far more complicated than that of the perch; in the second she did not think so highly of its attributes, history, and habits.

which she made Talbot recount to her; and lastly it was too big.

"Can't you catch me a little one?" she said.

Talbot had no doubt as to his ability to do so, but success had made him masterful and he insisted on her accepting the chub. "Say you just pulled it out," he advised; "they won't know any better."

Cicely admitted that they might not discover any technical inaccuracy in such a description, but was not sure as to the attitude of her own conscience in the matter. At the word *conscience*, however, Talbot smiled a peculiar smile at his well-polished brown boots and Cicely decided not to insist on that point; instead she blushed and repeated her request for a little one. At that moment Talbot, who was leaning against a willow close to her in a studiously graceful attitude, suddenly looked up with an exclamation and then, whipping off his too conspicuous hat, sat down very quickly behind the tree. Cicely raised herself a little to see what was the matter, and perceived at the other end of the field two persons getting over the stile. "It's Uncle Henry," she exclaimed, "and a young man." They looked at each other in consternation.

"You must go and meet them," said Cicely after swift deliberation, "and say I'm not here if they are looking for me."

Talbot frowned at his brown boots again to collect his thoughts. He did not want to see Charles at this moment any more than Cicely desired to meet her uncle. Then he looked round hurriedly. Positively there was no cover in the field except this particular clump of willows. There was one course, however, if the worst came to the worst. "They're not coming this way yet," he said more cheerfully as he peered round the tree and saw the pair stopping and apparently poking

into the hedge with sticks; "and I don't think they are looking for you."

"I shouldn't be in the hedge," Cicely admitted. "But they are looking for something," she added dubiously. "I think you'd better go and take them quite away."

This was the one impossible course. "No," said Talbot firmly; "that would make them suspicious. They'd want to know where I'd come from, and they'd insist on looking."

"Uncle Henry wouldn't insist," said Cicely.

"Haddon, the other man, would," Talbot asserted. "You don't know him; he's a most determined fellow. Besides they evidently don't suspect anything yet. They're only looking for mushrooms." Talbot counted on Cicely's ignorance of the locality in which mushrooms may be found.

"I like mushrooms," she confessed. "But do they grow among turnips?" she asked with vague doubts. "I thought they grew in frames like melons."

"Oh, they'll grow anywhere," said Talbot reassuringly.

But this did not altogether satisfy her. "Then they may be growing all round us," she said, looking about her in alarm, "and they will be sure to look here too."

"Well, it won't matter if they only find you here alone, will it?" said Talbot, whose resolution was taken. "They mustn't see me, of course."

"No, that wouldn't matter," she admitted. "Uncle Henry would be more frightened than I should; in fact I shouldn't be frightened at all. But what will you do?"

Talbot pointed to the river. "I will get in and swim down to those reeds. No one could see me in the middle of them."

Cicely looked at him for one instant in a way which would have amply recompensed him even if he had done

this heroic thing. "No," she said with decision, "you would be drowned or catch your death of cold, and spoil all your clothes too." This argument, it is to be feared, did not weigh very much with Talbot. But Cicely's pretty "you mustn't really," was conclusive. "We'll wait here and hope they don't come. If they do, I'm not afraid of Uncle Henry," she added, from knowledge that he was after all a partner in guilt. "And besides he eats nearly all the fish himself."

And so they waited, and Talbot in the intervals of keeping an eye on the other pair proceeded to make the best use of the opportunities opened out to him by Cicely's brief but self-revealing glance. "No, I shouldn't like you to be drowned," she confessed, and Talbot determined to remain and brave all storms, even the storm of the enraged Charles.

Fortunately, however, the storm-clouds passed away, or rather got over the stile again after having apparently exhausted the mushroom-bearing possibilities of the hedge. And when Cicely at last declared that she must go and meekly promised to take the chub with her, Talbot congratulated himself on a well-spent morning. There is nothing that helps the intimacy of two people so much as the discovery that they can both be brave in the face of a common danger.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

"Henry," said Mrs. Lauriston, "I should like to have a word with you."

"Certainly, my dear," Mr. Lauriston answered without enthusiasm. He had hoped to escape as usual for his cigar after lunch, but as that was not to be he resettled himself resignedly, wondering what had cast such a gloom over the meal. The three girls had also been sensible of Mrs. Lauriston's silent displeasure, and had exchanged

glances of mute interrogation. Cicely rose first, rather elaborately at her ease; but her rising first was proof of her not feeling so. Agatha sat still for a similar reason.

"Where are you going, Cicely?" asked Mrs. Lauriston.

"I am going to get a book; Doris said she would take me for a row," said Cicely.

"We shall be punctual with tea," announced her aunt with purpose. Cicely nodded and took Doris away with her. "See that Martin washes up properly," said Mrs. Lauriston to Agatha, and then she led her husband away from the camp until they were out of sight and earshot.

Mr. Lauriston, oppressed with misgivings, selected a cigar with deliberate nonchalance and felt for his match-box. As an ex-volunteer the smell of smoke should fortify him for the encounter. Remembering that the last word belongs to the fair sex by right of conquest, he thought to secure the first. All was undoubtedly discovered, but even so a certain advantage rests with the offensive. He struck a match therefore, and murmured that he had found him looking for a Gladstone bag.

"Henry," said Mrs. Lauriston very firmly indeed, "we must go back to Ealing at once." She paid no attention to her husband's opening murmur. The match dropped without fulfilling its purpose, and, justly irritated, tried to burn a hole in Mr. Lauriston's white canvas shoe.

"My dear," he remonstrated, "what possible harm—"

"Mr. Lauriston," interjected his wife with increased severity, "if you have no proper feeling, I owe a duty to my poor sister. Mr. Neave may have been of good family,—the impertinence of his people to say poor Harriet was beneath him, and we daughters of an alderman who might have been Lord Mayor if he had lived, and a knight;



but you know as well as any one what Mr. Neave was like! Agatha has repaid my care, but Cicely, she's like her father,—I ought not to have let those two go off in the boat! You must go to the farm and get the wagon to take our things to the station. I shan't feel safe till we are back at Bel Alp. The little wretch, pretending to be so quiet too!"

"My dear," began Mr. Lauriston again; but his wife had only paused for breath, and realizing this he waited like a wise man till he might get some clue to her meaning. He looked more cheerfully at the scenery, for, whatever might be the catastrophe in question, it evidently had nothing to do with a Gladstone bag. Even in her wildest moments Charlotte, he felt sure, would never call *him* a little wretch.

"I never could have supposed it, never!" she continued with gathering vehemence. "That's what comes of reading Ibsen and living one's own life and going to picture-galleries on Sunday instead of taking a bible-class and reading the lessons and the collect. I always said I never liked her. *She* lonely! Whatever induced you to give way when they asked you, I don't know. You ought to have seen what she was like and never had her in the house. I despise a man who can't say no. *She* lonely! She knows how to fill up her time well enough. I shouldn't wonder if she asked them all down here. Why else did they come down here at all?"

Mr. Lauriston passed a puzzled hand over his brow. What on earth was his wife talking about? Somebody, apparently, who read Ibsen, lived her own life and went to picture-galleries on Sunday. The means of identification were not sufficient; but he felt that he could dismiss his first suspicion that Cicely was the object of attack. She lived her own life gracefully enough. It was true, but he did not think she

could or would read Ibsen, though she had once been known to spend a morning over Hans Andersen in the German.

Mrs. Lauriston continued. "Have you got the return tickets safe and the packet of labels in the left-hand bottom corner of your trunk? You must send a telegram for me to Martha to re-engage her to cook, as Eliza said she wouldn't come back again when I gave her notice a month before we left,—as if they expected to have board-wages and nothing to do all the time we were away! But Martha can cook fairly well now, and we'll have Martin's sister in to help her and a charwoman to do the house-work. If I could only trust the registry office, but after that drunken kitchenmaid they sent me and their refusal to return the fee, though they put it on their prospectus that they would if she didn't give satisfaction,—*satisfaction*, and she drank two bottles of your best port, and wouldn't look at the port at one-and-six I got for Eliza's cold, though it was easier to get at, not that Eliza was grateful either—no, I won't go there again. But if you go over and telegraph to Martha we can go back to-morrow."

Mr. Lauriston gasped in marital sympathy, but being no wiser on the main point he still refrained from suggestion. Mrs. Lauriston resumed: "We ought to send her home, of course, but we can't do that as it is. Fancy her being so sly. Sketching! I'm thankful Cicely never would learn it if that's what it leads to. I should like to know how many of them have been helping her to sketch! You ought to go straight down and thrash the lot of them, Mr. Lauriston, that's what you ought to do. *The—the-fellows!*"

Mr. Lauriston began to have a glimmering as to the culprit, though he still could not deduce the crime. In any case the course of action suggested for



himself called for protest. "I hardly think, my dear, such violent——"

"You're too good-natured, Henry, too good-natured. Why you wanted to keep Eliza just because she could do omelettes, and we none of us care for omelettes except you,—but if I see any of them, I'll say what I think of a set of idle, good-for-nothing young men, artists most likely and journalists that sit up to all hours and have breakfast in bed and call themselves Bohemian. And she'd be just such another. I heard her ask Agatha if she's read *Endymion*, by that dreadful Lord Byron too, who ran away with somebody else's wife and got drowned in the Mediterranean—serve him right—and she wanted to see his statue, though they put it in an Oxford college because it hadn't any clothes on! Why even when they bathe in the morning——" but here Mrs. Lauriston broke off hurriedly. The vision of Charles on the house-boat was not a thing to talk about, least of all to a husband.

"My dear," said Mr. Lauriston, seeing that his wife had at last paused of her own accord, "I am quite prepared to agree with you as to what had better be done——"

"I should hope you were," she said with decision.

"—but I really don't understand——"

"Don't understand?" she exclaimed.

"When I've been telling you all this time, that I saw that Miss Yonge walking along with a strange young man, who was carrying her sketching things as if he'd known her all his life, and they parted just near here, so that I couldn't have seen them unless I'd been going for a turn before luncheon—if you'd seen that, and seen her come back just as quietly as if nothing had happened (which shows how used she is to that kind of thing, and I shouldn't wonder if she goes out to work in the City and typewrites and smokes with stock-brokers when she's at home—you

know what the City is as well as I do, Henry!)—when I saw that I intended to tell her what decent people thought of such behavior, but I remembered that Martin can never be trusted with a stew, and then Cicely met her, and I didn't like to speak to her before Cicely—why you don't know what ideas it might not put into the child's head!—so I just waited till I could talk it over quietly with you and arrange about going back to Bel Alp."

Now a little time ago Mr. Lauriston had said in his heart that he wished nothing better than to be back in his pleasant residence of Bel Alp. Were there not his morning paper at breakfast and his evening stroll in the garden seasoned with interchange of courtesies over the wall with Mr. Waterhouse of Minnehaha, his completely detached neighbor? Was there not his own armchair in his study with the innocent-looking cabinet constructed for documents beside it, the cabinet whose contents were not entered in Mrs. Lauriston's weekly accounts? All these things he had in the past regretted; but now the country had claimed him and he was beginning to enter into the spirit of the life. If he was not staying long enough to turn farmer he had an occupation more engrossing than any dreamed of by the notoriously fortunate agriculturist. He had a purpose in life, a definite daily task, and a congenial fellow-laborer and leader. He felt that he could not without unending regret leave undecided the precise spot in the wood, which he and Charles were searching in systematically parcelled plots, where lay concealed the Gladstone bag. Wherefore Mr. Lauriston temporized. "Is that all you saw, my dear?" he hazarded.

"All?" demanded his wife in a tone which showed that he had opened ill. "All? What more do you expect, I should like to know? Do you think I was watching for more? Why he

might have kissed her in those thick hedges and I should never have known it. I *saw* him take off his hat." Mrs. Lauriston's voice was full of horror.

"It may have been an accidental meeting; perhaps she was tired."

"Accidental! I can't have five idle, good-for-nothing actors making accidents like that. She led him on as likely as not. I'm sure I can't imagine what any man could see in her, except her eyes; I suppose she's got good eyes. You men never seem to care about anything else but a baby face with big eyes in it. Agatha and Cicely are much better looking, and five young men don't come down into the country to look accidentally into their eyes. I should think not, indeed; they've been properly brought up. I never had such a thing happen to me."

"Yet if it comes to looks, my dear Charlotte—" artfully insinuated her lord and master.

"All the less excuse for her," continued his wife a little more calmly. "If she'd been a really pretty girl one might excuse her flirting a little, but to flirt with five men on a house-boat! And she's only got her eyes, as I said, though she seems to know how to use them, in spite of looking so demure. Five men indeed!"

Mr. Lauriston felt that this was a little unfair, but he knew not quite how he could explain it with the tact so necessary in domestic life. He was suffering from the usual masculine inability to follow the rapidity of the

feminine intelligence, and realized not for the first time how inferior is mere logic to the unerring brilliancy of intuition. He caught, however, at statistics. "You said you only saw one young man with Miss Doris, my dear, and after all he may not have been one of the party on the house-boat."

"I'm certain of it," asserted Mrs. Lauriston.

This should have satisfied any reasonable husband, but Mr. Lauriston, with a prospect before him of returning to an Eliza-less and therefore omelette-less Bel Alp, was evidently not reasonable just now. "How can you be certain, unless he was the man you saw—"

"Mr. Lauriston!" exclaimed his indignant spouse. "Mr. Lauriston! Did you suppose I stopped? After we've been married twenty-three years next October too! I shall go and consult my niece. Miss Agatha Neave at least understands what is proper; I have brought her up myself. All you men are alike. All you want to do is to smoke your abominable tobacco, and you don't care if fifty house-boats come here. I believe you would like to join them yourself." With this Mrs. Lauriston returned to the camp, just in time to find the paragon Agatha drying the last salt-spoon.

Mr. Lauriston at last lit his cigar. "I shall never understand Charlotte," he observed to the curling blue smoke. "But all the same I don't think we shall go back to Bel Alp."

*Macmillan's Magazine.*

(*To be continued.*)

## THE LAST O'HARA.

"Ay, it still goes by the name o' the O'Hara's Leap among the folk biding about here. My father was gey fond o' telling how it came to be caa'd that.

He was in Colonel Adair's corps at the time, and so saw the whole thing."

We had toiled up the long steep road, and were now on the top of the

highest cliff. The old schoolmaster was fired; so we sat down on a grassy dyke, with our backs towards the Glens of Antrim and our faces towards the laughing sea. He was in reminiscent vein, and while we sat there in the sunshine he told me the story.

The O'Hara it's named after was aye o' the auld reduced native Irish gentry. There was a sma' wheen o' them in these parts in my father's young days, but they are a' gone now, and naebody kens or cares whar. It was very different in my father's time. Then they were revered by their ain folk, and hated by the new gentry as the rightfu' owners o' a' the broad lands o' the North.

He was the head and the last o' the family that caa'd themselves the O'Haras o' Slemish.

Slemish is that bauld peak ye can see the tap o' on either side o' the Glens. Ah, mony's the merry hour I hae spent among its bonny banks and braes years lang-syne, when my father had settled doon on a bit farm halfside on it; and mony's the time as a wean hae I wondered ower the story o' the long standing-jump that the deevil took frae it till Skerry Hill five miles or mair awa', when St. Patrick wanted to talk to him on the error o' his ways. That's the story as Presbyterian folk tell it. The mark o' the deevil's hooked snout is still on the stane on the tap o' Skerry whar he lit; I hae seen it mysel'.

Though the O'Haras caa'd themsel's the O'Haras o' Slemish, their stronghold was at Duncairn—a mile or twa up the Glens. It was at aye time a grand place, and the O'Haras were aye mating and fechting wi' a' the best families in the county. But they were an unfortunate lot. There was never trouble in the country but they maun be in it, and they never were in trouble but they came ill out o' it. Their sair-est trial was after the siege o' Derry, when King William blew up their

stronghold, seized their lands, and outlawed the whole jing-bang o' them. It was thought that, like mony ither ancient races at that time, they wad hae to seek their fortunes in foreign parts, and maybe it wad hae been better for them if they had; but they had friends at court that got the outlawry withdrawn and part o' their land restored to them—the part the Scots and English newcomers disdained to tak', that is, four or five thousan' acres o' mountain land, maist o' it too poor to grow thistles on. So they built themsel's a new mansion, little better nor a good farmhouse, out o' the ruins, and under the shadow o' their auld castle, and lived there a mournfu', secluded life, revered by their ain folk and hated and avoided by the new gentry and settlers about them.

My father, before he entered the service o' Nabob Starkie, was for a time wi' a sma' landowner by the name o' Montgomery, whose land marched wi' that o' the O'Haras. Mr. Montgomery was a liberal-minded man and had very neebourly relations wi' the last O'Hara, though he was no Irish or papist. And my father was often sent on his business, and sometimes went on his ain, to Duncairn House. Ye ken the last O'Hara's right-hand man was a big soft-faced carle caa'd Eagan MacEagan, who aye had a jug o' whusky handy when a friend happened to caa'. And though, in general, my father only kept company wi' his ain folk, the Scots or Protestants as they're now known, still he was no sae bigoted that he couldna see merit or find pleasure onywhar else.

Ye maun ken my father was a much more intellectual man than maist men o' his position. He took great interest in the auld legends and literature o' the Irish, and big Eagan MacEagan was just fu' o' these. He and his fathers had been hereditary bards to the O'Haras o' Slemish time out o' mind,

and a' the songs that his ancestors had sung, and a' the stories that they had told to the honor and glory o' the O'Haras, he kent by heart. And when the nights were lang and dark, and things were ganging dully at his maister's house, mony a time my father wad slip ower to Duncairn and spend a pleasant and profitable hour or twa ower a basin o' smoking punch, listening to Eagan MacEagan's tales o' the time when the O'Haras were kings in their ain country, and had their ain castles, and their ain soldiers, and their ain hangman, like the best in the land.

Sometimes when my father went ower to Duncairn he wad meet the O'Hara himsel'. He pictured him as a wee bit body, not much better nor a crowle, very cauld in manner and very hot in temper. His hair was red-brown, and so was his beard, which he let grow long, contrary to the custom o' that day. But the queerest thing about him was his eyes. They seemed ower big for his wee face, and aye to be gazing at something awa' in the distance which you couldna see. And their color was red-brown like his hair, and an uncanny light aye shone in them, just as if there was a candle burning behint each o' them; and when he got angry, the candle went up in a breeze that made you grue a' doon the back.

Then his way o' life was curious. They said that his father, after having his carriage-horses seized by the Orangeman, Lawyer Hogg, at Ballymena, for five pounds apiece, had in his fury put his son under an oath never to leave his ain grund except to renew the auld struggle wi' England. However that may be, he never left it, but spent his days and nights reading auld Latin and Irish history books, and doing kindnesses to his ain folk, who, poor bodies, aften sairly needed them. They fairly worshipped him; and weel they might, for he was the only aye o'

a' their ancient gentry about here who, through weal and woe, peace and war, remained true to the auld race and the auld religion.

But the Scots farmers were very suspicious o' him. Ye ken the Protestant gentry o' that day were a very wild set. They were aye fechtin' or gambling or drinking or rioting a' ower the country, and the farmers thought it was an unnatural thing that the O'Hara shouldna take a hand in the pleasures o' his class. Then they seldom saw him, save when they were coming hame late and took the auld Duncairn Road—and a rough bit road it was—for a short cut; and he a'ways hated to see them on it. And when they wad meet him in the gloaming, and he wad glare at them wi' those red-brown flaring eyes o' him flashing oot ower his big red-brown beard, they fairly shivered wi' dread. Mony o' them held that he wasna merely a papist, but had sold himsel' to the evil ane, body and saul. Ay, and mair nor the farmers shared this view, for twice the Presbytery o' Ballymena discussed in secret session whether he shouldna be delated as a warlock. But my father, who, as I told you, was a very intellectual man, aye maintained it was easy enough to explain his strange way o' life wi'out throwing out ony reflections on his character. When aye thinks o' the insult an Irishman and a papist was in those days liable to be treated wi' when he went amang Protestants, ye can speer why a spunky man like the last O'Hara chose to bide at hame and amang his ain folk.

Weel, as I told you, the O'Hara's right-hand man was big Eagan MacEagan. He was caa'd the steward, but the relation between him and the O'Hara was no the ordinary aye o' maister and servant. MacEagan looked on the O'Hara mair as his owner nor onything else. He wad bae died a dog's death to save him an

hour's uneasiness, wi'out thinking for a minute that he was doing onything beyond his bounden duty. And the O'Hara on his part regarded MacEagan wi' a devotion very different but maybe as strong in its kind, as I think you'll agree by-and-by.

Eagan MacEagan married a lass o' the Laverys o' MacUillan. The Laverys are a family wi' a thrav in them. Sometimes it comes out in them in the body and sometimes in the mind. If it comes out in the body, they are aye misshapen crows, but usually they are quick in the uptak'; and if it comes out in the mind, they are mere have-rals, but usually they are very bonny. Eagan's wife hersel' was a sonsy, red-cheeked lass, but wi' no more sense than a hen. She bore Eagan only ane laddie, and he took the thrav in the body. From his birth he was a wee, weakly, wizened-up thing like a last year's apple. The O'Hara, as the laddie grew up, saw he wad never be fit for ony honest work, so he decided to give him a good education, and make him an attorney or something o' that kind. So when young Michael MacEagan was auld enough he sent him to Mr. McNeil's Academy at Ballymena, and gied him a pony to carry him to and fro.

Now a' the scholars—and, for that matter, a' the teachers—at the Academy were Presbyterians,—the Presbyterians were aye keen on education; and just when young Michael was sent there, the Presbyterians a' ower Ulster were agog ower the French Revolution. Ye ken, ever since the great evictions thirty years afore, when some forty thousand Presbyterian farmers were driven frae Ulster to America, the Presbyterians, both them that went awa' and them that stayed at hame, had borne a bitter hatred o' English rule; and when the American war broke out not lang after, England had bitter reason to know it. Now the

example o' the French had fired them a' wi' a burning hope o' owerthrowing the government they loathed. Everywhere they were blethering about the principles o' the revolution and the rights o' man, and the chance o' setting up an Irish republic, and laying in stocks o' treasonable literature and auld guns and pikes.

Weel, young Michael, in his shairp way, listened to the talk o' his fellow-scholars, and he soon picked up some knowledge o', and became a raging convert to, democratic views. He had good sense enough, though, to say naething about these at Duncalrn, for he kenned that the O'Hara hated them, and he felt sure that if he, a mere kern o' the O'Hara's, preached to his father such a monstrous doctrine as that the O'Hara was nae better than himsel', though he was his ain son Eagan wad wring his neck wi' as little pity as he wad a chicken's.

It was just when the Presbyterian discontent was at its height, and a' parties saw that the outbreak o' rebellion was a matter o' days, that the O'Hara directed Eagan to hae some two score head o' kine canted the next fair day at Ballymena. So when the fair day came, twa herds took ower the kine, and Eagan and young Michael drove ower after them to the market. The kine sold weel, and Eagan gleing the herds a couple or three glasses o' ale—Eagan and young Michael taking whusky—sent them hame again, while he and Michael went about the toon seeing some auld friends.

They were at this till the fair was ower. By that time the farmers that had been at the fair—and the MacEagans themself's, I fear—had had a good mony whuskies, and were in no way to think o' what was prudent. So they made what is now caa'd a demonstration against the Government. They were nearly a'



Presbyterians, dour and fierce bodies they aye were, and they wanted to show their hatred o' their enemies. They gathered in groups about the fair hill, and talked fiercely o' what they wad soon do, and the mair excitable o' them wad frae time to time shout out. "Remember Orr!" "Liberty for Ireland!" and such-like cries.

Weel, Nabob Starkie wi' his corps o' yeomen—my father's corps—lay stationed in the toon, and he wasna the sort o' man to stand this lang. Before the demonstration had weel begun he was seen coming riding at the head o' his corps, and ance the farmers saw him they gey soon quieted doon and began to separate, and not a few o' them hurried aff to their carts and started hame.

Nabob Starkie rode slowly through the wheen folks that still remained, glaring fiercely from side to side wi' his big yellow-black eyes, as if dauring ane o' them to whisper. He had got right out o' the sma' crowd, and was passing where Eagan MacEagan was standing watching the scene wi' his cripple o' a son hanging on to his arm, when suddenly Michael—I speer it was the whusky working on him—squeeled out in his wee thin voice, "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!"

"Seize that cursed whelp!" shouted out the Nabob. "Who's that with him? His father? Seize the old dog too. Off with them to the bridewell this minute!"

Before Eagan MacEagan kent weel what had happened, he and his son had been seized by half a dozen yeomen, and were being driven like wild beasts along the streets to the jail.

They were brought before a court-martial the next morn, and each was sentenced to receive twenty-five lashes on the fair hill that day at twelve o'clock.

The court-martial hadna risen long, and my father was wi' the Nabob re-

ceiving some orders frae him in his private rooin in the hotel, when the door opened and who should walk in but the O'Hara. How he had got news o' what had happened to the MacEagans my father never learnt.

He saluted the Nabob very politely, apologized for intruding on him, told him who he was, and stated finally that he had come to ask for a delay in the execution o' the sentences on his servants until he could appeal to the General Commanding in Belfast.

A' the time he was speaking Nabob Starkie kept glowering at him in a venomous way: he hated the O'Hara wi' a renegade's hate. When he ceased, the Nabob said very slowly: "O'Hara, you're not so well reported yourself that I am likely to grant you a favor for your traitors of servants. The sentence was lawful and given by a lawful court, and if you are at the fair hill to-day at twelve o'clock you'll see it carried out. Now, get out of the room. I have no time to waste on you or the other two papists."

The O'Hara's red-brown eyes bleezed out like furnaces, and for a minute my father thought he was going to strike Nabob Starkie. But he recovered himself, and turning quickly left the room wi'out saying a word.

At twelve o'clock Nabob Starkie wi' his corps marched up to the fair hill wi' Eagan and his son. My father wad gladly hae escaped going, but the Nabob had found out that he kenned the MacEagans, and sae wadna excuse him.

Eagan a' the way to the fair hill wore a firm and calm face; but Michael, though he was now about eighteen, greeted like a wean. When they reached the ground there was a good crowd there, and in the front o' it was the O'Hara. The moment Eagan noticed him he staggered and nearly fell, and from then till he was tied to the triangle he seemed in a daze.



He never uttered a word or a groan while the cruel thongs cut his naked flesh. When he received his portion he caa'd out.

"What does the hound want?" asked the Nabob.

"Your honor," said poor Eagan, "my laddie there is but a poor wee bit o' a crippled wean, and no fit to thole this. If your honor pleases, I'll tak' his strokes as weel as my ain."

The Nabob laughed.

"If the cur wants mair strokes," he said to the provost-marshal, "gi'e him ten mair."

Wi' that the O'Hara broke through the circle o' yeomen. His eyes were flaming, and his whole frame in a tremble.

"Before one more stroke is given him," he cried wildly, "I demand if they are to be taken off the laddie's punishment?"

Nabob Starkie glowered at him wi' a poisoned look.

"O'Hara," he said slowly, "I have warned you once to-day; I'll not warn you again. Turn that man off the ground."

The O'Hara was bundled back behind the yeomen again, and ten mair strokes were gien poor Eagan. Then he was untied, and young Michael put in his place.

When the first lash fell on his wee withered-up back he screamed wi' agony, and he continued screaming till the tenth fell. Then he fainted. The provost-marshal went on lashing his poor senseless body.

Once mair the O'Hara broke through the yeomen. He now looked to my father clean daft.

"This is hell's wark!" he shouted. "Here," and he tore off his ain coat. "I'll take the rest!"

"Arrest that d—d papist!" yelled the Nabob. "We'll see if we cannot stop his obstruction of the King's officers in doing their duty!"

The O'Hara was seized by the yeomen and carried off to the bridewell. The provost-marshal went on lashing the senseless laddie. When the twenty-five were gien they loosed him frae the triangles and threw him on the ground, and then the yeomen marched off. Eagan lifted his bairn gently in his arms and carried him to the inn, where he had left his horse and car when they drove in frae Duncairn the morn afore sae blithe and canty. That e'en it was a sairly different journey back.

Next morn the O'Hara was charged before a court-martial wi' high treason. There was much difference among the officers that sat on it, and they debated in secret long before they came to a decision. But at last the Nabob, who presided, had his way, and announced that the court found the prisoner guilty, and sentenced him to be hanged before his ain house, which was to be burnt before he suffered. The Nabob and his corps were to carry out the sentence on their march the next day to Glenarm, where they had post-haste been ordered. Colonel Adair, who was bitterly against the sentence, rode off to Belfast to see the General Commanding, but he refused to interfere. He said that the O'Hara's death wad cow the papists and prevent them joining the Presbyterians.

My father was at the trial, in attendance upon the Nabob, and he saw there among the audience Eagan Mac-Eagan. The man was sae changed that my father hardly kened him. His big saft face had hardened into a rock, and his blue laughing eyes glittered like sword-steel. He heard the sentence on his chief without showing ony feeling, and then walked frae the court, looking like a man in a dream.

My father thanked God the next morn when Nabob Starkie gied him so mony wee commissions to carry out in Ballymena that he couldna be through them till long after the time

when the corps wi' its prisoner was to start its march. It was arranged that my father, when he had finished his work, should ride alone after them and report himself at Glenarm.

Weel, the commissions took mair time even than was speered—maybe my father was no minded to be too quick wi' them—and it was near nightfaa' when he started to ride to Glenarm. He thought he wad gang by the auld Duncairn Road, just to see the ruins o' the house whar he ance had spent mony pleasant evenings.

As he came near the O'Hara country night had faa'en, and he noticed a red light in the dark sky.

"They maun hae been slow wi' their wark," he said to himself. "The hoose is bleezing still."

As he drew nearer he noticed twa or three mair red lights, and then three or four mair, and sae on, till the whole sky was as red as if it was a' on fire itself.

He didna ken what to mak' o' this till he met a party o' Captain Blair's troop. They were a' half-mad wi' drink and rage and excitement. They told him that Eagan MacEagan wi' a party o' pikemen had surprised the corps where the road rins through Duncairn Wood, and had rescued the O'Hara, besides killing twelve or mair yeomen; that the yeomen had searched the woods and rough ground for miles round, and had found no trace o' the O'Hara or the rescuers. So Colonel Starkie, for punishment, had detached Captain Blair's troop, wi' orders to burn every house, great or sma', on the O'Hara's land. As my father rode past the wee clachan near Duncairn Castle, and heard the roar o' the flames through the roofs o' the poor bits o' houses, the curses o' the yeomen and the screams o' the women and the groans o' the redshanks that were dying in the effort to defend them, his very heart sickened wi'in

him, and he wad hae asked leave to retire frae the corps that night but that he kenned weel if he did the Nabob wad hae had him shot for a traitor. My father was new to the wark then, and he learnt afterwards to thole it better; but, as I told you before, till his dying day he couldna talk o' those awfu' times wi'out greeting.

Well, three days or so later the "turn-out," as the rising was caa'd, took place. I needna dwell on it. The O'Hara appeared at the head o' twa or three hundred redshanks, and the maist o' them were slaughtered by the Nabob as they were trying to mak' their way hame after the Battle o' Antrim.

Now, though the O'Hara and Eagan MacEagan were aye among the hottest fechtin' they werena found among the slain. So a price was put on their heads and a' the country round was owerrun wi' soldiers and yeomen and spies searching for them. But deil a trace o' ither could onybody find, until ane night the O'Hara and Eagan broke into the house o' Captain Blair—that ravaged the O'Hara's lands, you mind—and took him fraem his bed and hanged him on a tree in his ain lawn in front o' his ain hall-door.

As you may speer, this made the authorities hotter for their capture than ever. They suspected that his ain folk were hiding the O'Hara, and they tried a' sorts o' devilish devices to mak' them disclose his wharabouts. Cornet Strong and his party o' horse were the maist brutal in this wark. Ane night when they were camping out up in the hills near Duncairn, the O'Hara suddenly appeared among them like a ghost, shot the Cornet deld, and before ony ane could recover frae his surprise disappeared again like a ghost.

Twa days later Major MacMunn, that the day afore had lashed an auld Glens woman to death for refusing to tell where her man was hiding, was

seized by the O'Hara and Eagan on the Broughshane Road in broad daylight and carried off. It was a day or twa before the troops sent in pursuit found him, and when they did find him he was tied to a tree in Duncairn Wood, and had been lashed to death just as he had lashed the auld woman.

Day after day and night after night the twa men turned up whar they were least expected and revenged wi'out pity some outrage on the Glens folk. It was noticed soon that they bothered themselves in no way about outrages on Presbyterians; but a yeoman or trooper wha had lashed a Glens man or ravished a Glens woman wasna safe in the middle o' a regiment. And soon it grew that if a redshank was interfered wi', he wad threaten them wi' the vengeance o' the O'Hara, and it was a threat naebody a'thegither liked.

Times and times the soldiers thought they had got him. Cordons o' horse wad be thrown round districts whar he or Eagan had been seen and drawn closer and closer, every bush and hole and house being searched on the way. Usually no trace o' them was found. Sometimes, on the other hand, they were there, but they aye in the end broke through the cordon, sometimes killing a trooper or twa, but ever escaping unhurt themsel's.

After a wee the queerest stories began to get round among the troops, and, indeed, ower a' the countryside. Folks got to recaa'ing that lang syne mony had doubted if the O'Hara hadna sauld himsel' to the deevil. And now his daring deeds and his constant escapes from what should wi' ony ane else hae been certain death made maist folks sure that he had. And when this belief got about folks told the most uncanny things about him. Ane was that he could see just as weel in the dark as in broad daylight, and maybe that was true, for wi' such flaming eyes as he had naebody could speer

what he mightn't be able to do. Anither was that bullets didna hurt him. Man after man told how he had fired straight on him as he passed, and he had run on as unwounded and unconcerned as if a pea had been blawed at him. And Tam Phipps o' Montgomery's Horse told the strangest tale o' a'. He said he struck him ance a fair stroke wi' his sabre ower the shoulder, strang enough to lop his arm aff, but the sword wadna cut him. The edge o' it just turned ower, whilst a stoon ran up Tam's ain arm as if the sword had caught lightning. Every ane kent that Tam was a lying, boasting body, aye fu' o' wonderfu' experiences and adventures, but still, when he told the story and showed his blunted sword, folks couldna but feel a wee uneasy.

Well, what wi' a' these bogle stories about him, and what wi' his wonderfu' daring and more wonderfu' escapes, and what wi' the number o' them he had killed frae time to time, and what wi' his fearsome appearance wi' his flaming eyes and red-brown beard, the maist o' the troops sent after him got as feared o' him as feared could be. Mony o' them doubted if the O'Hara wasna the very deevil himsel' come to earth to help the papists, and mony mair were convinced that at ony rate he was under the deevil's care and protection. At last it grew to this, that when they thought he was near them they turned pale wi' fear, and when they saw him they were so fu' o' terror that they had hardly strength enough to pu' a trigger, let alone steadiness enough to tak' an aim. And a' this warked out to the safety o' the O'Hara.

Well, the Government got fairiy mad wi' everybody connected wi' the business. They blamed Nabob Starkie for driving the O'Hara into rebellion, and that was ane o' the reasons they retired him and gave his corps to Colonel Adair, but only ane o' them. A mair

important ane was maybe the Nabob's unpopularity now that the frenzy o' the rising was ower. And they blamed the officers o' the troops searching for the outlaws for want o' tact and energy, and they directed Colonel Adair himself to tak' on the pursuit in person.

Colonel Adair soon after he took ower the command showed a great liking for my father, and, as you ken, he later attached him to his ain private service, where he long remained. The first proof he had that he was a favorite was ane evening when the Colonel sent for him privately.

"Sergeant Thomson," said he, "you know this corps better than I do. Now I want to-night a dozen men for secret service—it's not dangerous but it may be trying to their nerves. 'I want men who are not always channering about warlocks and bogles, and who would face the devil himself' if he *did* turn up. Get them ready by twelve to-night, and tell no living thing anything about this."

My father said naething, but as he went awa' to carry out the Colonel's orders he thought to himself—"Heavens above us! Is it possible he's going to try and catch the O'Hara wi' only twelve men? Pray God ony o' us ever sees the morn's light again."

Well, he quietly warned twelve o' the stoutest-nerved men in the corps to be ready for service the night at twelve, and to say no word about it to ony ane. And then he went to his ain quarters and drew the charges o' his pair o' holster pistols and recharged them, putting in instead o' bullets twa silver buttons that he cut frae his service waistcoat. Not that he ever believed that the O'Hara was a warlock, but he was aye a prudent man, and he thought it weel to be on the safe side.

At twelve o'clock my father wi' the twelve troopers rode slowly up to the Colonel's quarters. He came out wi'

out summons, mounted his horse, and bidding them mak' as little noise as they could, rode off towards the auld Duncairn Road. They rode silently along it till they were in the Duncairn Wood, within twa mlie or so o' auld Duncairn Castle. Here not far frae the road there was a rough bit o' a cliff some hundred feet high, wi' sma' ledges on its face and sma' bushes growing here and there. Under this the Colonel dismounted, and motioned his men to do the same. When they had done so he said to them, speaking very quietly—

"Lads, I have information that the O'Hara and MacEagan are hiding in some old secret dungeons underneath the ruins of Duncairn Castle. There's a subterranean passage leads to them from the face o' this cliff. It's long and it's dark and it's low, and we must crawl along it without noise on our hunkers till we get to the dungeons. If all has gone well they won't have any firearms to use, but I cannot speak surely of this. Now, I want six of you to come with me up the passage armed only with pistols, the others to remain here and guard the entrance and our horses and swords. Who will volunteer to come?"

Well, Starkie's men may hae been as wicked and as cruel as men can be, but they were brave lads. Every man o' them volunteered.

"You cannot all come," said Colonel Adair. "Sergeant Thomson, you have picked well the men to start with us: now pick again the men to come with us to the end."

My father soon made his choice. Those selected took off their swords, looked to the priming o' their pistols, and then climbed after the Colonel to a wee ledge about half way up the face o' the cliff. There the Colonel pu'ed frae behind a bit bush a thin skelf o' stane, and behind it the men could see through the darkness a black

hole about twa feet high and three wide. The Colonel creeped through it, my father followed, and the other men came after ane by ane.

After the party had gone a hundred yards or so, the roof grew higher and the floor smoother; but still they a' had to travel on their hands and knees. It was, my father confessed, gey nervous wark creeping along for twa miles under the grund and in the dark, wi' the prospect o' grappling wi' the warlock O'Hara and the giant MacEagan when you got to the end. But nane o' the men faltered in the task.

At last they saw a light afore them, and a whisper passed doon the line to be mair carefu' than ever. They a' crept along as noiselessly as a cat stalking a bird, till they reached a door just enough ajar to let a ray o' light through. Then there was a pause, while they got their breath for the attack. At last Colonel Adair flung the door wide and sprang intil the room. As he did so he cried in a loud voice, "Surrender, in the King's name!"

My father jumped in after him. When he got intil the room the O'Hara had seized a pair o' pistols, and had one levelled at the Colonel's head. He pu'd the trigger. There was nae flash. He glanced at it hastily and flung it to the ground. He glanced at the other and seemed for a second dumbfounded. Then he flung it down and caught a sword frae the waa' and rushed on the Colonel.

Colonel Adair fired. He told my father he didna want to kill him, and so, as you might speer, he missed him a'thegither. My father, to save the Colonel, now fired. He hit the O'Hara on the thigh, and he fell at ance to the ground. My father and the Colonel sprang on him.

All this had occupied only twa seconds. Eagan MacEagan had stood throughout it paralyzed wi' surprise. The faa' o' the O'Hara brought him to

his senses, and he seized a pike and dashed at Colonel Adair and my father, wi' whom the O'Hara was struggling wi' the strength o' a giant in spite o' the wound in his leg and his sma' size. By this time the other troopers had got intil the room, and they got between MacEagan and the three men fighting on the floor. They caught the pike, and levelled pistols at MacEagan's head. As they did this, a wee, thin, piercing voice caa'd oot—

"Dinna hurt my father! Dinna hurt my father! The Colonel promised he wadna suffer."

My father says the O'Hara heard Michael MacEagan's shrill voice above the din o' the fechtin', and immediately ceased to struggle. He lay still for a moment, and then he said in a low tone, "Help me up, gentlemen: I surrender!"

Eagan MacEagan had heard his son's voice too, and the words a'thegither dumbfounded him. He too ceased to struggle. He stood quiet and silent, gazing from ane to anither in a dazed way, as if trying to understand what had happened.

A guard was placed on him. Colonel Adair and my father lifted the O'Hara into a chair. Apparently the shot had broken his leg. One o' the troopers that had been orderly to a surgeon during the rebellion bandaged the wound as well as he could. Meanwhile my father turned ower the table and took the feet off it, so as to mak' it into a sort o' cradle on which to push the wounded O'Hara doon the lang souter-rain.

As they were finishing their preparations for leaving the dungeon, my father heard wee Michael MacEagan whispering to Eagan in Erse, "It was to save oursel's, father, that I done it." Eagan looked at him in a dazed way. My father never was certain whether he understood the words or no.

After much trouble the O'Hara and



Eagan were got through the souter-rain. The other troopers left behind were getting very anxious, for the arresting party had been awa' twa or three hours. As my father had fired the shot that broke the O'Hara's leg, he insisted that the O'Hara should hae his horse. The Colonel approved, and directed my father to tak' the bridle, while he himsel' rode by his side. Eagan MacEagan, as he was by the arrangement wi' Michael to be pardoned, wasna bound, but walked a few paces behind his malster, while the troopers rode in files on each side. Michael walked by himsel' behint, naebody speaking to him or carling for his company.

It was a cauld clear morn, my father said, when the wee company left the auld Duncairn Road and debouched on this mountain-path along the cliffs, about a mlie south frae here. The tide was out, and the sun was just rising ower the far awa' hills o' Scotland. Up till then the O'Hara hadna ance spoken. When the fresh air o' the sea blew on his pale face he wakened up a wee and looked out ance or twice in a wistfu' sort o' way ower the ocean. Then he drooped his head on his breast again and seemed to muse. Suddenly a bit doon there he lifted his head and turned to Colonel Adair.

"It's a sair thing, Colonel," he said, "that the last o' the O'Haras should die on the scaffold like a felon."

"It is a sair thing, O'Hara," answered Colonel Adair, in a very soft and kindly voice.

The O'Hara was silent again for a minute.

"And it's a sairer thing," he then said, "that he should be betrayed to death by ane o' his ain household."

"It is a very sair thing," answered Colonel Adair.

The O'Hara was again silent.

"O'Hara," said Colonel Adair after a

wee, "dinna think it's wi' ony glee I'm doing this wark, but it is my duty."

"I didna blame you, Colonel," answered the O'Hara. "I tried to do my duty too."

A minute or twa after they reached this cliff, just about whar we are sitting. As they did so, the O'Hara suddenly kicked his horse fiercely wi' the heel o' his unwounded leg. It bounded forward, pu'ing the reins frae my father's hands, and nearly knocking Colonel Adair out o' his saddle. Before any ane kenned what he was about, the O'Hara jumped the horse ower this dike and headed straight for the cliff. Colonel Adair caa'd on him to stop, but he answered only wi' a wave o' his hand as the horse wi' him on its back bounded ower the edge o' the precipice.

All the company ran up as near the edge as they daured in fine excitement. As they glowered ower it a wild squeel o' terror was heard. Every ane turned towards whar it came frae, and there they saw Eagan MacEagan wi' wee Michael in his arms disappearing ower the edge, shouting as he went, "Ye misshapen cur, come after the malster ye hae betrayed!"

When Colonel Adair had recovered from his amazement at this awfu' ending o' the business, he caa'd on his men to follow him doon to the shore to recover the bodies before the tide came in. Though they went doon the hill at a brave pace, it took them a good wee while to reach the bottom o' the cliff. When they got there they started looking into ane anither's faces in a startled way. The bodies o' wee Michael and the horse were there dead enough, but na trace could they find o' those o' the O'Hara and Eagan! As they searched right and left wi'out result, the men whispered in an awesome way amang themsel's. The cliff is five hundred feet high. Nae human being could jump ower it and live wi'out the



aid o' heaven or hell. Had the O'Hara some such aid after a'? The men, ay and Colonel Adair himsel', were as pale as corpses as they thought o' a' this, and my father thanked God he had put the sliver buttons in his pistols, or maybe nane o' the yeomen wad e'er hae left that auld secret dungeon alive that morn.

When my father had gathered his wits thegither again, he thought o' an explanation which was afterwards put about as the true ane by the authorities. The shore along the cliff here was then, as now, a great place for kelp-gatherers; and then, as now, they came doon to it whenever the tide was out, though it was the very skreigh o' day; and then, as now, a' the kelp-gatherers were Glens folk. That morn my father noted not ane was to be seen when the troopers reached the shore. Well, how was that? Was it no that they had seen the men coming ower the cliff, and finding out wha they were, had, to save the bodies frae indignity, ta'en them awa' to ane o' the mony caves kent o' only by themsel's and their friends the smugglers?

*Blackwood's Magazine.*

However that may be, the bodies were never found, and the Glens folk wad never admit that the last O'Hara was dead. They always said that he was saved by the intervention o' the Virgin, and was living wi' his faithfu' Eagan in a cave high up the face o' the cliff, whar he wad bide till the Catholics were ance mair oppressed, when he wad ance mair come to their aid. Ay, and the Protestants, though they pretended they had nae doubt but the bodies had been stolen awa' and buried secretly, were in truth no sae sure o' that after a'. Lang, lang after the leap, travellers by night ower the auld Duncairn Road wad tell tales o' seeing the O'Hara or his ghaist, wi' his big flaming eyes and his big red-brown beard, hovering about among the dark places in Duncairn Wood, and for mony years ony ane wha had done wrang to a Glens man wad grue when such tales were told. And to this day auld Protestant women along the shore still talk o' the warlock O'Hara, and frighten their bairns wi' the terror o' his name.

*Andrew James.*

## GO TO SKELLIG!

"Skellig! Skellig! Go to Skellig!" It is half a lifetime since I heard the cry, but it rings in my ears still. Each Shrove-Tuesday in those far-off days a band of "the boys" paraded, making life painfully adventurous for any of either sex who had too long run counter to local sentiment by avoiding the holy estate of matrimony. The penalty in the case of the unprotected was sometimes rough enough. Buckets full of water, a souse in sea or lake, a compulsory boating, these were some of the consequences; plead as the victims might, there was no escaping the water. A form of torture less primi-

tive, but often exquisitely painful, was the Skellig List. In it the weapons of anonymous satire had unlimited play: names were coupled together in a way that was always reckless; and when for any reason the subjects were unpopular, the list degenerated into an exceedingly scurrilous lampoon. It is no wonder that as Shrove-Tuesday drew near, bachelors and spinsters alike winced at the thought of being exposed to such floods of ribald rallery.

I do not know that it would be possible to recover specimens of those old Skellig Lists, proper or improper;

I am quite sure that, if I could, the Editor would think many of them undesirable for the purposes of publication. The following couplet alone lingers in my memory:

—'s blood is bright and clear;  
It will not mix with his small beer.

If so solitary a specimen gives no idea of the variety and ingenuity of the attacks, it will at least serve to illustrate the personalities with which the darts were barbed.

Had Skellig Lists and the cry *Go to Skellig* been limited to the southern town in which I lived, not many would think either the one or the other worth recalling. So far as I can ascertain the force of outraged public opinion has almost suppressed alike the lists and the observances. I find however that all round the south-west of Ireland the Skellig customs were once general, and that in remote corners traces of them still remain. I find also an explanation of the rites, in a source which seems to have exercised an influence powerful and widespread in early days, and one whose fascination under a different form still makes itself felt, these things show that *Go to Skellig* is more than a local cry, and is likely to command general interest.

Some miles from the mainland off the coast of Kerry, he who consults the map may find two dots—one the Great, the other the Little Skellig. At first sight ordinary islands, they are in reality rocks, which rise, in forms of singular beauty, sheer from the ocean. To see them in their romantic situation, and to hear the cries of the sea birds which in myriads make them their homes, are enough to cause a longing for a closer acquaintance; so that as we land, if the wild waves permit the liberty, we are scarcely surprised to find that for centuries colonies of monks dwelt on the larger of the two. The antiquarian, as he stud-

ies the ecclesiastical remains, accounts for the presence of the monks by pointing to the many similar settlements which for the sake of retirement were made on islands whether in sea or lake. Whatever of truth there may be in this, it is impossible to resist feeling that the glamor of the place had a powerful influence too; and certainly there would seem to be no other way of accounting for the domination which the monks of the Skellig and their abbot gradually came to exercise. Never to all appearances numerous, with nothing in their rocks to give them wealth, they found their sway spreading far and wide. They served as models for neighboring communities; they sent out branches, which established flourishing foundations on the mainland; they acquired rights and dignities, traces of which remained long after they had been suppressed; finally, they so impressed the popular imagination that crowds of pilgrims were drawn year after year to essay the difficult and uncertain passage from the mainland, and to undergo penances the most dangerous as they traversed the rocks. In fact it seemed as though the Skellig combination of beauty and inaccessibility had so won upon the fervor of Celtic devotion, that there was no admiration too great, no sacrifice too costly to be offered on their shrine.

But it will be asked what possible connection, beyond a coincidence in the name, can these sea-girt isles of the monks have had with the hymeneal celebrations of Skellig night. No doubt many of those who reluctantly "went to Skellig" on Shrove-Tuesday had never heard of the Skelligs; and many more who knew of the rocks could not have explained the connection. Yet there seems little reason to doubt that we have in the custom, and in its prevalence, evidence not only of the Skellig influence, but also of one of the

characteristic features of the early Irish Church. It is well known that originally the Church of Ireland tenaciously and uncompromisingly clung to its independence, and declined subjection to the Church of Rome. Did not Colman, successor of Aidan, Northumbria's Apostle, rather than keep Easter at the Roman date, resign his bishopric, turn his back on all that the Irish monks had done for the north of England, and retire to an obscurity in Ireland, which possessed at least the sovereign attraction of independence and the privilege of celebrating Easter in accordance with the ancient Irish usage? But Ireland too was destined to be gradually subdued by Rome. Before the Saxons, the British Christians had retreated into the fastnesses of Wales and Cornwall. Somewhat similarly those who clung to Irish customs, and in particular to their own date for Easter, found themselves driven further and further, until in the end Irish ecclesiastical independence lingered only in the islands of the West. Nothing is more likely than that the Skelligs should have been the very last stronghold of the Irish Easter. There would be few to interfere with a community so respected, and their isolated and difficult position would place them beyond the reach of all but the most deliberate and determined assaults.

Thus it came to pass that Easter on the Skelligs and Easter on the mainland were kept at different dates, and it would follow that when the Skellig Easter was the later, the Skellig Shrove-Tuesday would be later also. Here was an opportunity too precious to be lost. Marriages in Lent are contrary to Church order, hence Shrove-Tuesday has always been a much frequented wedding-day. But sometimes circumstances are hostile and the last day glides by; hesitation, procrastination even, are not unknown in the

south and west of Ireland. These were the occasions when the Skellig discrepancy carried blessings with it. Lent might be in full rule upon the mainland, but on the Skelligs Shrove-Tuesday had not yet arrived. What did it matter that the islands were distant and the passage perilous? Was not the goal of matrimony waiting at the end?

It needs no vivid imagination to enter into the feelings with which such liberties and licenses were welcomed by man and maid. He who first whispered "Go to Skellig," must indeed have been held to be inspired. Who can wonder that the inspiration spread and that "Go to Skellig," voluntarily if you choose, involuntarily if you do not, became the rule for all who had tarried till the Shrove-Tuesday wedding hours had flown? The connection between those old wedding-trips and the modern saturnalia is manifest. The cry, *Go to Skellig*, and the inevitable water, taken together are quite sufficient to recall the romantic past.

Centuries have gone by since lovers desired to visit the rocks to invoke the assistance of the monks; but the longing for the scene of the monks' labors is not dead, nor is it likely to die. For their own sake the Skelligs fascinate us still. The strongest known instance of this is to be found in a light-keeper who, when his term of duty was over, absolutely refused to leave. "Well," said his chiefs, "if you won't come when you are bidden, you shall stay whether you like it or no." And stay he did, to his inexpressible joy, guarding the cells and churches, carrying out any necessary repairs in the ruins and in the great flights of steps; on and on he stayed, nor was it till after forty years that the end came, and found him still unchanged in his affection and devotion to the labors of his love. It is not to be expected that such life-long service can find a parallel; but the

Skelligs have many devotees. In particular I should like to mention the daughters of a recent rector of Valentia, from whom some of the hitherto unpublished facts in this paper have come. They seem to think no day sufficiently long for the enjoyment of the rocks. They speak as though they never could visit them sufficiently often. But though the Skelligs have their devotees, they are chary as to those whom they enrol; they do not readily admit new admirers. In the summer of 1905 a steamer was employed by a well-known authority, to whom all the isles and shores of the West are as familiar almost as his name; with her help he brought a large party of eager friends to visit the Great Skellig. As they approached the experts broke the news that landing would be difficult,—perhaps impossible. Naturally there was marked unwillingness to accept a repulse so unwelcome. It was decided to make the attempt, and a sailor offered to lead the way. What happened was discouraging; a sudden wave covered him to the neck; there were no further volunteers.

As might be expected legends are not wanting in connection with the difficulties of finding a friendly footing. The Great Skellig is dedicated to St. Michael, and it is said that, on his own day, the saint guards his home jealously against intruders. Once an unbelieving tourist persuaded a boat's crew to take him on St. Michael's day. They did succeed in effecting a landing, but the triumph was short-lived. The indignant breakers shattered the boat to splinters. This meant a vigil on the rock, anxious friends, a relief party next day, a new boat,—and a long bill. Thus the saint was avenged.

Had difficulties such as these been foreseen, while they might have increased the longing, they would certainly have diminished my hope of be-

ing able to go to Skellig in person. As it was I went to Kerry with the rooted determination of finding myself upon the rock. Previous experience had taught me that the Atlantic was often troublesome; I knew that landing on these isolated western stations was seldom easy, but I believed that a little determination was all that was necessary to ensure success.

Our station was Derrynane, Derrynane the home of "the Liberator," Derrynane where his grandson, another Daniel O'Connell, courteously admits the visitor to inspect the mansion, with its personal relics and the many trophies which a grateful people laid at their leader's feet, Derrynane where I was assured that the very bed I slept in had been the Liberator's own, Derrynane, which, even apart from its historical associations, has such charms of sea and rock and wood and mountain, that there are those who, for natural beauty, place it first in the British Isles. It was no hardship to wait in such a spot, and after about a week a day came which the local experts considered promising. We started, a party of four, in a nobby. If the reader is as unfamiliar with the term as I had previously been, he will not object to my explaining that our nobby, the *St. Crohane*, was a boat of twelve and a half tons, fitted with two standing lugs and a foresail, and manned by an Irish-speaking crew of four. We began with the lightest of breezes, and drew slowly through the rocks, sunken and otherwise, which make the harbor almost impossible unless you have grown up to it. "Surely this must have been ideal for smugglers," I said, and was told how in former days a revenue cutter, greatly daring, had followed so close upon her prey, that by using her quarry's course she came safely inside. But the seizure which should have rewarded her enterprise was farther off than ever. The smuggler doubled

among the rocks and speedily found exit by another channel where pursuit was out of the question.

For a while it seemed as if the lack of wind would baffle our nobby, but after an hour's uncertainty the sails filled in earnest, and we stood gaily on our way. What a morning it was! The bright sun gave life and color to everything; there was blue above, and beneath blue touched with white where the waves broke into foam upon the rocks; in all the blue predominated, save where among the distant peaks the heat-haze seemed to tone it into gray. First Deenish, then Scariff was passed. How lovely they looked that brilliant August day! But think of living on them as some do all the year round! In comparison, the life of a light-house keeper on the Skellig is social. He at least has some regular visitors, and his turn on the mainland comes periodically. Scariff and Deenish in winter-time are cut off absolutely from the outer world, for weeks always, generally for months. The pasture however on both is good, and the farmers who rent them can feed many head of cattle. On Scariff in particular the tending is no light work. All round are high cliffs, so much so that there are only two possible landing-places. Such is the danger of the cliffs to the cows, that all through the daylight hours the watchers must be perpetually on guard. We saw a cattle-boat bringing Kerries to Scariff, eight men, two to each oar, and a coxswain, formed the crew. They tie the animal's legs together, lift it by means of a pole passed lengthwise between the legs, and so lower it back-downwards into the boat. On arrival the ties are removed, the cow is thrown into the water, and helped to scramble up the rocks.

Scariff is five miles out, the Skelligs sixteen. After sailing for nearly four hours we began to approach. First

came the Little Skellig. Its beauty was a revelation. Concerning the Great Skellig I had read many things, and photographs had made me in a way familiar with its great flights of steps, its monastery, its general appearance. All I knew of the Little Skellig was that gannets nested there. In future it will be always with me as one of the fairest sights on which my eyes have rested. Like some great medieval fortress with mighty central tower, and turrets and battlements everywhere, it rises sheer from the sea for hundreds of feet. But no material fortress ever looked so ethereal. From the slight bulge of the rock, in places there are openings through and through; from the light poise of its pinnacles, and the sparkle of its crystal-studded strata in the sun, it takes a character all its own, and seems, if the comparison may be allowed, as though "clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful."

The only trace of human habitation is a tiny oratory round which, and nowhere else on the island, there is green grass still. A hermit, tradition says a Spaniard, built it, and lived and died a solitary. Yet he was scarcely alone, for there are gannets innumerable. As we approached whole tracts of the rock seemed white; it was the birds close-crowded, and many a glittering string-course did they make, brightening the general effect, as they sat side by side along the ledges. They have no fear of visitors. Indeed intruders must beware of them, for the gannet's legs are short, and when he wishes to fly he comes to the outside of his ledge, and plunging into space so finds play for his great wings. There would be small hope of maintaining a footing, if struck by the gannet's swoop. As for the rest the gannets will not hinder you. They will even suffer the photographer. Some excellent photographs have been taken of them; in one, which I have



seen, the bird remained on her nest a few feet from the camera, and proved the steadiest of sitters.

The wonder of the Little Skellig was still upon us when we hove to, near one of the two landing-places of the sister rock. Now we became aware that the wind had freshened, and the sky was overcast; there was however no hesitation about lowering the boat, and our last doubt as to getting ashore vanished as we saw the hospitable light-keeper hurrying to meet us, ready with ropes to help against the tossing waves and slippery steps. What special favor had been ours, and what it meant, I realized at last when the visitors' book told us that with the exception of official callers only one other party had been there since 1906 began. How strange it all was, how unlike anything ever before experienced! Straight from the waves the rocks rise almost perpendicular. "I suppose that cliff is a hundred feet," I said, as I looked out from the lighthouse. "Well," said the keeper, "where we stand is a hundred and thirty feet, and the cliff, as you can see, climbs far above us." High as the lighthouse is, the Atlantic rollers make nothing of the leap. In winter the platform between the keeper's house and the light is often so swept with waves that it is dangerous to cross. Once, in a hurricane of unusual ferocity, the great plate-glass protectors, some forty feet higher, were smashed, and the light was extinguished. That night ships in distress were in evil case. Three neighboring lights were out. The lighthouse on the Bull Rock was bodily carried away.

From the landing-place the narrow road slopes gradually to the level of the lighthouse. It seems to cling to the walls of cliff; much of it had to be made by blasting. For most of the way the heights above were inaccessible; after about a quarter of a mile the beginning of the steps was shown,

and the ascent began. In dry weather a good head and a stout heart are all you need. For us matters had been complicated by a sharp shower as we left the boat, and the wet had made the steps perilously slippery. At first the climb was gradual, winding round a kind of shoulder; then it began in earnest. Up, up, up above us rose step after step, troublesome enough if dry and sloping inwards, but many sloped outwards, and all were wet. A gentleman of the party soon retired, but his wife helped by one of the light-keepers persevered. Though the worst of sailors, she had refused to let discomfort interfere, and now she was determined to go wherever it was possible. The first break came at about three hundred feet above the sea. Here the rock divides into two great peaks, and what might be considered the pass between is termed Christ's Saddle. A veritable saddle it is in shape, for the rock which is barely a quarter of a mile broad at the sea narrows greatly above, suggesting at the pass quite a comfortable seat. The southern peak is the higher. In the days of pilgrimage it was the scene of penances which to the inexperienced must have been terrible. Threading a narrow fissure, termed the Needle's Eye, they soon found themselves upon the side of the cliff, standing upon a slab of rock scarcely a yard in width. The slab sloped gently downwards; beneath, hundreds of feet beneath, the ocean seemed waiting for its prey. After the slab the way rose sharply, and with the help of slight indentations for hands and feet the pilgrims crawled slowly up the Stone of Pain as it was termed; thus they passed, and then made for the top of the peak, where they were upwards of seven hundred feet above the sea. There the crowning penance consisted in traversing the Spindle, a narrow edge of rock set at right angles to the summit. The pilgrims sat upon it.



their legs dangling in space, worked forward as they could to the cross at the far end, there repeated a Pater Noster, and then without venturing to turn painfully shuffled back. Whether any of our party would have attempted these feats I cannot say. I have been told by ladies who had accomplished all except the last that of real difficulty there is none, but that the steadiest of heads, assisted either by bare feet or rubber soles, is essential. In our case there was no time available, even had not the exceptionally slippery condition of the rocks been prohibitive.

Accordingly we confined our attention to the northern peak, and perseveringly mounted, until, after treading no less than seven hundred and thirty-three steps, suddenly, as it appeared (you do not grasp with the eye things straight above the head) we passed through a strongly built narrow entrance and stood where for so many centuries those old monks had lived and toiled and prayed. Their home was as it were a nest built near the top of the rock. In all perhaps a hundred yards long and some thirty wide, its comparatively level surface was formed by the erection of strong retaining walls upon the outer side; they are carried upwards above the clay with which they have been filled, in order to give shelter from the blast, and to secure at least comparative peace within. We saw the curious bee-hive cells in which the monks lived; they are in almost a complete state of preservation: we saw the wells from which the monks drank; the water is fresh and pure as it was then: we saw the primitive oratories in which they prayed, and the rows of tombs hard by, where they sleep undisturbed by wind or wave; and we saw the medieval chapel St. Michael's Church, and there, near that old company, lie two from the modern world, two children of the light-keeper's, whose tender lamps the storm put out.

Their last home, in comparison with the other buildings, is modern; its stones are bonded with cement, while in all the rest they are simply laid together, trusting for permanence to thickness and good fit. Strange irony! St. Michael's Church alone is roofless, the one ruin there. Time keeps no barriers between the dead; children and monks are all one upon the deathless shore.

We wandered through what had been the garden of the monks, and wondered at a tower some six feet square, and still about twelve feet high, with no opening except at the top. The guide, who had explored its depths, believed it was the prison. How we wished that it were possible to prolong our stay, for the fascination of the place was strong. With the great Atlantic upwards of five hundred feet beneath us, and the peak close on seventy above, the situation was one not likely to be ours again. But there were many warnings which forbade delay. Slowly and cautiously we worked down the slippery flights, thinking of those who made them and their devotion. As we went a curious incident brought back the modern life of the Skellig. There seemed to come a hissing from beneath our feet. The guide, knowing what it meant, thrust his hand into a chink in the steps and drew out a stormy petrel; to our delight there was its one white egg. We had the same experience somewhat lower down, but this time the bird escaped through her back door. The little creatures seem quite fearless. The hissing which betrayed them was an indignant protest against the disturbance; our captive, so long as we held her, was busy trying to make her mark upon our hands. "Once," said our skipper, "while I was hauling in the nets in a storm, a petrel struck me between the eyes; it afterwards came into the cabin as though nothing had happened." As we made our way

back to the landing-place, none too soon, the light-keeper gave many interesting facts about the birds. The nesting operations of all except the petrels were over. Had our visit been a fortnight later the island would have been deserted by all save a few rock finches. As it was, the feathered inhabitants seemed innumerable. Some indeed had gone, as the gulleimots, but enough were left to make the rocks seem alive.

At the boat we found our men with enough to do to keep her from destruction against the rocks. There was time only for a hurried farewell to the

Macmillan's Magazine.

keepers, whose kindness had been so signal, and then through threatening waters we pulled for the nobby. How we got on board I do not know; nobby and boat were like two corks springing in different directions; nor do I know much about how we got home. This fact emerges; while it took over four hours to go, we were back in less than two. The crew described it as a good sailing breeze; to me it seemed quite a vigorous storm. But nothing mattered then, for we had with us the abiding consolation that we had *Gone to Skellig*.

H. Kingsmill Moore.

### CULTURE IN THE CRUCIBLE.\*

The foundation of the British School of studies at Athens, rather more than twenty years ago, concentrated and organized the energies expended on the Hellenic Renaissance of our own day. The true author of the scheme, the great Cambridge Hellenist, accepted the present writer as his colleague. The idea indeed had long been a fixed ambition with the late Sir R. C. Jebb, professor of Greek at Cambridge and member of Parliament for his University. It was my privilege, when conducting *The Fortnightly Review*, to provide him with the opportunity of putting his views on the subject before the world. It had already been satisfactorily ascertained that, once the programme had been explained in the periodical, there existed a reasonable prospect of giving it practical effect. Sir Richard Jebb possessed many valuable friends and accomplished sympa-

thizers in his project, among and outside his brother scholars on the Cam. Conspicuous in this number was the present treasurer of the Athens School fund—a director also of the London and Westminster Bank, and one who, to a greater extent than has been witnessed since the historian of Greece, George Grote, combines a genius for commerce and finance with a rare insight into the temper of Greek literature and thought of all ages—Mr. Walter Leaf. His translation of the *Iliad* marked the same kind of epoch for English Grecophilism as had been done somewhat earlier by Philip Worsley's version of the *Odyssey* and J. A. Symonds' illuminating and picturesque writing about lyric and elegiac poets. To these should be added the names of Sidney Colvin and Charles Thomas Newton. At a later period the undertaking gained fresh usefulness and wider educational value by the association with it of Mr. Oscar Browning and Professor J. P. Mahaffy. None of Dr. Mahaffy's contemporaries has done more than he to prepare the popular mind to profit by Oxford and

\* "An Epoch in Irish History." By J. P. Mahaffy. (T. Fisher Unwin. 1906.)

"Pen, Patron, and Public." (Greening. 1907.)

"Latest Report of the British School at Athens."

"Tragic Drama." By Lewis Campbell. (Smith, Elder & Co. 1904.)

Cambridge extension lectures, or by other agencies for diffusing an intelligent interest in the wit, wisdom, and learning of old Greece. That there exists to-day a distinct revival of Greek art and letters as not only a recognized but an effective instrument of culture, is due to the industry and research and to the attractive literary exposition of Dr. Mahaffy as much as to any individual agency connected with any seat of learning in the Empire. However, as Dr. Mahaffy now shows, the famous foundation of which he is so bright an ornament has in the past shown more activity than some of us always remember in encouraging and systematizing the cultivation in these islands of the earliest linguistic medium common to philosophy and religion. What in relation to the Greek language Erasmus had been to Oxford in the sixteenth century. Cudworth, Henry More, Whichcote, and the other Platonists were to Cambridge a hundred years later. Long before that, the Greek curriculum of Trinity College, Dublin, had, as in a very interesting chapter Dr. Mahaffy makes clear, equipped itself with a thoroughly effective apparatus for regular teaching in the older of the two classical tongues.

Our nineteenth-century Hellenism was appreciably aided by a social function at Marlborough House which, in 1883, preceded the establishment in the Greek capital of the institution that now helps, enlightens, and guides those whom the genius of the city animates with a desire to make their sojourn under the shadow of the Acropolis instructive as well as agreeable. In the summer of 1883 the then Prince of Wales had acquainted himself with the acceptability of Sir Richard Jebb's project to his relative, the King of the Hellenes. Before the arrival of the day on which the meeting was to be held beneath his own roof, the Heir

Apparent had given another proof of his remarkable aptitude for accurately and quickly mastering unfamiliar details, with such available facts as help to illustrate or explain them. The gathering itself was memorably representative of English distinction in every walk of life. Mr. Gladstone, then Prime Minister, his successor, at that time his chief opponent, Lord Salisbury, the head masters of the great public schools, the heads of the most famous colleges at the Universities, the President of the Royal Academy, Sir Frederick Leighton, the most discriminating and generous intellectual patron of his day, Lord Houghton and the Marquis of Dufferin, had all, with many others, responded to the summons. The Marlborough House meeting was not only a practical success; it elicited, thanks largely to the generous initiative of Mr. Pandell Ralli, immediate pecuniary support; it was marked at its close by an occurrence which does not yet seem to have found its way into print, showing a famous man, now no more, in a characteristically humorous light. While the vote of thanks to the Prince of Wales was being proposed, there began to be put in circulation a sheet of foolscap at the top of which the Royal chairman had signed his name. It was taken for granted that the then master of Marlborough House desired a complete list of the company over which he had presided. Every one, therefore, hastened to sign his name. At last the paper reached Lord Dufferin; he, instead of adding his signature, put the paper in his pocket and, the proceedings being now quite over, with the courtliest of bows, left the room. "The truth is," he smilingly remarked to a friend who went with him, "one of my daughters collects autographs, and I thought the opportunity too good to be lost."

The phil-Hellenism of an earlier period was helped forward by even more

fashionable assemblages in Lady Blessington's drawing-room at Gore House, Kensington. That house has not received from posterity due credit for the part played by it in promoting some of the best and most beneficent movements of the time. When the devout and austere Edmund Burke wished to devise a scheme for providing homeless and impoverished foreigners with surroundings conducive to their moral and physical health, he consulted Lady Blessington, who at once gave orders to Count D'Orsay for immediate action. At a drawing-room meeting at Gore House the earliest association for relieving necessitous aliens was suggested and provided with a liberal endowment. Beneath Lady Blessington's roof, also during the first quarter of the nineteenth century, the cult of Hellenism as it then existed was first organized into that Greek Society to which Byron and Bentham both belonged. The earliest and the most inspiring of its promoters was a man named Blaquière, noticeable in the present context because the features of his literary style in several books of foreign travel were reproduced by George Borrow some years later; they thus became models of composition for the later writers of a generation whose earlier masters of prose and guides to culture had been Edmund Gibbon and Samuel Johnson.

Greater, however, and more essential than can be measured by years is the difference between the early Greek renaissance of the nineteenth century and that of our own day. The former originated in the traditional English sympathy with the natives of an illustrious and oppressed land struggling to be free; that feeling, of course, reinforced itself with intellectual alliance furnished by letters and art. In due time the country whose classical sons, by repelling the Persian invader, prevented Asiatic influences from over-

running, from dominating, or even coloring European thought, shook off the foreign yoke. The cult of Hellenism had performed its social and political work; its occupation was gone; it bequeathed to future generations no specific agency of mental discipline. In a word, it passed without making itself felt by the thought and scholarship of its own age or of posterity. Nearly a century before the friends of Greece federated themselves in a South Kensington drawing-room, John Wesley had been elected fellow of Lincoln College, Oxford (1726); the same year he became College lecturer in Greek. During the short time of his holding this office Wesley did more than any of his contemporaries towards improving the standard of Greek scholarship and extending the area of Greek studies for his University at large; his Lincoln classes for studying some points in the smaller Platonic dialogues constituted the same kind of landmark in Oxford Hellenism as was done almost a hundred years afterwards by John Henry Newman's Aristotle lectures to the Oriel undergraduates.

Among the earliest promoters of the Hellenistic cult in its first development, Jeremy Bentham alone foresaw the date when Greek art and antiquities as topics of polite conversation would rank with the "pictures, taste, Shakespeare and the musical glasses" enumerated by the Vicar of Wakefield. All this has now come to pass; an annual increase is reported in the numbers of non-academic visitors to the city of the Violet Crown who make the British School the centre of operations during their stay. For those who stay at home, Oxford and Cambridge extension lectures or the teachers provided by London University at provincial centres and the contents of Hellenic art galleries, gazed on by fashionable London to-day, by East-end sight-seers to-morrow, anon displayed to Bank-holi-

day crowds in the great local capitals, may be almost described as making the twentieth-century Briton, on whatever social level, the contemporary fellow countryman of Phidias, Praxiteles, and Zeuxis. For more select companies the art or letters of the Attic prime is served up in Mayfair by Herr Emil Reich in his oral discourses, or by Mr. W. L. Courtney in his original and ingenious writings on the modern and ancient stage. The former of these masters has seemed to favor the opinion that if Plato had only lived in our own days he might have rivalled George Eliot as a novelist of sex. Blessed with a modern environment, with the perusal of newspaper law reports, and some knowledge of society behind the scenes, Euripides or Sophocles, as a writer of problem plays, might have rivalled Ibsen in the particular walk of that dramatist's genius. "When," recently said a large employer of Lancashire labor who also in his day distinguished himself in the Cambridge classical tripos, "I go home to lunch, my daughter poses me with hard questions about the Eleatic philosophy; I return to my office to be asked to adjudicate in a discussion between my workmen on the movements of the Pyrrhic dance or the formation of the Macedonian phalanx. With these experiences part of one's daily life, one almost fancies that unconsciously his works have transported themselves from the Irwell to the Ilissus."

The Greek renaissance of our time has tended to enlarge the area, to enrich the learning, to correct the mistakes and to dispel the misconceptions of professional scholars. Here the revived influence of John Wesley's Greek lectures at Lincoln has been at work. As Wesley insisted ought to be done, Polybius has been added to the teaching libraries in colleges of all denominations. Hellenism having become at

once fashionable and popular, it remains for the leading spirits of the English School at Athens to rediscover the mediæval monuments of the classical city, and by the light of material evidence, disinterred from the rubbish-heap of ages, to reconstruct its interesting and important story from the point at which Justinian's decree closed the doors of its university.

One might as soon underestimate the importance of the invention of printing as undervalue the Greek element in English letters and education. The sixteenth-century Renaissance, however, would have had for England much less important results, but for the fact that the revival of classical learning was contemporary with spiritual and intellectual emancipation from the levelling obscurantism of Rome. The dynamic force at work upon the creative minds of English letters, and so the vitalizing power of English culture, has always been the translation of the Scriptures into the vulgar tongue. In the space still at our disposal a few instances may be mentioned. Chaucer may have found the plots for his *Canterbury Tales* in Boccaccio and other Italian authors. When the Father of Poetry essays the part of moral teacher, as, unostentatiously indeed, throughout his writings he does, he invariably adapts Hebrew principles and ideas to English conditions. Take the most famous lines in the Canon Yeoman's Tale:

. . . Whoso maketh God his adversary,  
As for to work anything in contrary,  
Unto His will certes ne'er shall he  
thrive  
Though that he multiply through all his  
llyve.

Dr. Charles Wordsworth, Bishop of St. Andrews, in a volume too familiar to be quoted here, has accurately gauged the dimensions of Shakespeare's debt to the Bible in respect both of diction



and idea; incidentally he has also shown that in the use of certain words and grammatical idioms Chaucer took for his model, particularly in the use of the definite, the indefinite article, and the word "death," an earlier version of those Scriptures from which in a later translation Shakespeare drew alike more of his phraseology and diction than from any other single source. As has been justly said by Professor Lewis Campbell in his work on the Tragic Drama, Mr. Churton Collins is unrivalled for his acute perception of similarities in literature; he has thus easily shown that the "small Latin and less Greek" for which the national poet takes credit included a considerable acquaintance with the masterpieces of the Greek stage. Even thus, however, the views of life, of character, of man's position in the universe, of his relations to destiny on the one hand and free-will on the other, to be found in Shakespeare, are in striking contrast to the ideas illustrated in every play of Aeschylus, of Euripides, of Sophocles. Whatever the foe he may find in circumstance, man is after all at some time or other the controller of fate; he has but to take at the flood the tide in human affairs to be the sure architect of his own good.

The surest materials for an analogy between the Greek dramatic writers in the period of Pericles and the dramatists of our own Elizabethan epoch are supplied by the conditions under which the Athenian and the Briton wrote. In both cases it was an era of national expansion, exaltation, of freedom from great perils, gained at the price of much blood and treasure. In Greece the Persian had been beaten back to his own side of the Aegean Sea. In England the sailors and soldiers of the Virgin Queen had first withstood and then scattered the power of Spain. There exists also some likeness between the incidents in their national

history whence the English and the Attic playwrights drew their characters and plots. What the period and the dramatis personae of the earliest struggles of Greece against Asia were to Aeschylus, that the Wars of the Roses were to Shakespeare. The chief actors both in the classical and the mediæval struggles were a few members of the great families. The campaign in Asia Minor against the house of Priam affected the national life of the two parties to the struggle scarcely less than the York and Lancaster contest brought within its vortex the humbler English masses. The tragic woes of the house of Pelops and Atreus had their parallels in the series of horrors, the massacres, the burnings and the mutilations which began with St. Albans and only ended with Bosworth Field. As with the creator of *Hamlet*, so with the author of the *Faerie Queene*, Spenser was primarily a court poet. To a task suitable for him as the great Queen's laureate, he adapted the mass of mediæval superstition which he found ready to hand. Even thus, however, the didactic, which is in its origin the Hebraic, impulse of the English temper, caused him in his great poem to aim at drawing, in his own words to Philip Sidney, "a faithful picture of a Christian gentleman." To come down to our own day, Browning is Italian and Tennyson Greek; Matthew Arnold had steeped himself more deeply even than Tennyson in intellectual Hellenism. Yet the note sounded most deeply and most frequently by the author of "Merope" is as didactic as any sermon or lecture of his father, the great Rugby headmaster. So too with Wordsworth, the classical form is reproduced in such compositions as "The Ode to Duty." The lessons inculcated are those which could have been set forth only by an imagination charged with Scriptural devotion. A recent volume, "Pen, Pa-



tron, and Public," shows how much more equally than at any earlier time the highest culture is distributed throughout the whole middle-class area. Poetry has been called by Matthew Arnold a criticism of Life; Arnold, too, has described conduct as one half of life. Thus in the chosen representative of modern culture, in the very hierophant of that discipline, does the

*The London Quarterly Review.*

Hebrew temper, as distinct from the Hellenistic, find its expression. A nation's literature, the very sublimation of a nation's intellectual training, is the mirror of its life and character. The reflection dominating that mirror in the case of England is nearest of kin in its origin, not to the Aryan, but to the Semitic principle.

*T. H. S. Escott.*

## WORRY.

Modern psychology, which sets a new scientific sanction upon so many primitive customs, affords ample justification for the taboo put upon the sudden utterance of words of evil import. The warning maxim of the Greeks, "Euphemai," was not merely as it has sometimes been held, a weak superstition, based on a fetish notion that bad words possessed some magical power to fulfil their meaning. It surely marked some recognition of the potency of suggestion, and of the injury done by setting the mind to brood on thoughts of evil.

Christian Scientists are indisputably right in their insistence on the value of presenting to the mind positive conceptions of health, goodness, beauty, power, repose, and in drawing the thoughts and the emotions away from disease, wickedness, discord, weakness and unrest. It is true that in their zeal to redress the balance of bad habits they overload their doctrine by attempting to deny the reality of evil: a verbal jugglery which really defeats its end, causing disappointment and defection in over-sanguine zealots when one of these "unrealities" attempts vigorous to reassert itself. But, in spite of this extravagance, which belongs to the militant stage of every propaganda, the cultivation of the habit of

dwelling upon good, wholesome, and beautiful images is so obvious a counsel of wisdom, that one is disposed to wonder why it is necessary to elevate it into a doctrine, and to organize it as a practice.

The answer to this question is furnished by the title of the latest volume which has flowed from the prolific pen of Dr. Saleeby, "Worry: the Disease of the Age" (Cassell & Co.). The author, at the outset of his treatment, does well to remind us that worry is not only "a state of mind," but also a state of body. Eupeptic, easy-going, matter-of-fact people are apt to dismiss all ailments affecting the temper, the spirits, or the disposition, not accompanied by utter physical collapse, as imaginary evils, to be got rid of by an effort of the will. It is idle to endeavor to convert such placid materialists of their double error: first, in ignoring the bodily side of the disorder; second, in imputing to the will some self-acting power it does not possess. The case of hysteria is typical. "The patient says 'I cannot'; his friends say 'he will not'; the truth is 'He cannot will.'"

What is worry, and why is it distinctive of our age? The tendency for a writer, who has a whole volume at his disposal, to expatiate and to lose himself in the wider implications and sur-

roundings of his theme is almost irresistible, and Dr. Saleeby has sometimes succumbed to it. That worry has some close congeners there is no doubt. It might even be worth while to trace the subtle bonds of sense and sound which associate it with such kindred terms as "hurry," "flurry," and "scurry." But to enlarge its significance so as to cover almost every anxiety, good or evil, normal or abnormal, is an injury to a word that is wanted for the limited use to which it is commonly put. Worry, when chronic and general, may doubtless pass into "depression," or even into pessimism; "taking trouble" for some good or desired end involves an eagerness and assiduity of mind which resembles worrying; fears about a future life and other things invisible may certainly be sources of worry. But to designate any of these mental attitudes worry is, we venture to assert, to stretch injuriously its meaning. Especially do we protest against the suggestion that "worry," when directed to a good end, may be "normal," and justified in reason.

Worry is always a waste, always a disease. Physically, it is traceable in drawn features, short breathing, tense bearing, irregular quick movements. Mentally, it is distinguishable as a vicious circle of the intellect and the emotions, thought and feeling futilely rotating about some single object set out of focus. Worry always implies false judgment. Sometimes a trifling difficulty or risk swells to a mountain; some little business loss, some slight personal affront or passing ailment is bloated out by apprehension until it occupies the mind, becomes a fixed idea, even an obsession. The mind "worries" it like a meatless bone, getting no nutriment, yet unable to relinquish it. When there is no irritant at hand, worry finds or invents its object, setting the imagination to fabricate troubles and grievances out of any

casual material of life. The term "morbid self-consciousness" does not carry far as an explanation. Many of the best and most unselfish persons we know are in a constant worry about their children, their friends, even their country. Such anxiety or apprehension as relates to matters of real weight for which we have some true responsibility cannot be regarded as "worry"; this sort of emotion, rightly measured and directed, is a prophylactic evolved for the preservation of the individual and the race. Worry is essentially irrational. Hence the folly of trying to argue with its victim. While it implies false or exaggerated ideas, its true nature is emotional. Now it is the emotions that are the most obvious meeting-ground of the flesh and the spirit. It is quite evident that the "solar plexus," or whatever the controlling centre of the nervous system be called, influences the purely cerebral operations much more potently than it is influenced by them; in a word, the emotions bulk far more largely than the reason in the practical determination of our lives. Reason is a good deal of an impostor, pretending to a ninety per cent. control over civilized man, whereas the true measure of its power is perhaps five per cent.

It is only by thus recognizing the comparative independence of our emotional system that we can hope to deal with worry. What is wanted is the restoration of the "organic sense of well-being." Animals have it; they do not indulge in wasteful apprehensions or "whine about their sins." Infants have it; even children are always taught to worry by parents, pastors, masters, and other persons set in evil authority over them, whose example corrupts the primal instincts of an easy mind.

It is generally conceded that "worry" is a growing evil of our times. There are those who think it a fruit of over-

cerebration which stimulates excessively the emotional centres while robbing the ordinary motor and sensory system of its normal work. Though Dr. Saleeby dogmatically denies the possibility of overworking the brain, the prevalence of "nerves" among the professional and other intellectual classes gives a strong *prima facie* support to the hypothesis; and the view, powerfully urged, among others, by Dr. Nordau, that the rapidity and multiplicity of changes which each decade brings in the material and intellectual environment has over-taxed the capacity of mental and emotional adjustment, is not lightly to be dismissed. It is indeed quite evident that the rapid, changeful, and unstable life of the modern city is breeding an impulsive, emotional, and anxious people, whose hurried, gaunt, and tight-set faces are very far removed from "the perfect rectitude and insouciance of the movement of animals," and who are habitually disobedient to the Gospel prohibition of worry, which is so ill-translated: "Take no thought for the morrow."

There are two schools for the curative treatment of this "disease of the age," one approaching it from the physical, the other from the spiritual side. The one prescribes periods of complete bodily rest, massage, exercises in the art of recovering repose; the other, to which allusion has already

The Nation.

been made, seeks to organize the emotional life so as to win an atmosphere of permanent inner tranquillity for the soul, the true service of religion to this life of man.

But to our mind there is something suspicious and unsatisfactory in the artificiality of these organized, elaborated cures. The rest cure and the soothing patter of Christian Science are not adequate. Dr. Saleeby gets nearer to the heart of the trouble when he diagnoses it as "practical materialism." It is false valuations of life, represented in and fostered by our too distinctively industrial struggle, and stamped by this diseased environment upon the plastic nature of our children so that they grow up into hardened men and women "of the world"—this is the enemy of mankind. The savage, who knows not whether or how he may get food to-morrow to keep himself and his family alive, does not worry: no nation ever possessed so abundant and so sure a command of food as ours, no nation ever worried more. Here is the paradox. It can only be solved by paying heed to the criticism which a sage belonging to one of those Oriental nations whom we are trying to "civilize" passed upon us after an exhaustive study of our science, our political institutions, our games and our religions: "You do not cultivate your soul."

---

## THE MIND OF CHRIST.

Professor Harnack has published a new book in conjunction with Professor Herrmann ("Essays on the Social Gospel," Williams and Norgate, 4s. 6d.), a large section of which deals with "The Real Mind of Jesus." There can be no doubt that the theological interest of the modern layman centres more

and more round the mind of Christ. The laity are troubling themselves less and less about the mind of the Church, though allusions to it are still frequent in pletistic literature. Few care to learn when the Church began to say this or to think the other, or to trace the development of such-and-such a dogma

from its suggestion to its full definition. The Councils are regarded by most ordinary men as historical rather than as religious landmarks, and they are scarcely prepared to accept the *via media* of many of the reformers, who, while denying their authority, nevertheless accepted their conclusions, rebasing those conclusions upon certain sentences of Holy Scripture which seem nowadays hardly able to support their weight. There is little life left in the controversies of the past. The professional theologian alone can fix his mind upon them. But the spirit of Christ continues to "draw all men." "Who hath known the mind of the Lord? . . . But we have the mind of Christ," said St. Paul; and again, "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus"; and the words of the great Apostle are ringing in the ears of the present generation. Perhaps never since Paul was martyred have they sounded so insistently. In the Middle Ages the bulwarks of dogma arose so fast around the Divine Figure as often to obscure it altogether from the wayfaring man, and at the time of the Reformation the mists of controversy replaced the shadows of the past.

In the days of our grandfathers the ordinary religious man, the man who went to church and read the Bible at stated intervals, thought very little about the character of Christ; he might even have thought that the phrase had a heterodox sound. If he were an Evangelical, his faith rested upon the Atonement; if a High Churchman, upon the efficacy of the Sacraments. Nowadays, whatever denomination he may belong to, the ordinary man, if he thinks about his religion at all, thinks first about the mind of Christ, about the attitude towards life and towards death of the Founder of his faith. He reads his Gospels, not in order to confirm a catechism or illustrate a creed,

or even in order to acquire merit. He reads that he may learn "the way of God more perfectly," that he may make for himself a conception of the Christian revelation. Such a change in the focus of religious thought can hardly be without far-reaching results. Even in the Roman Church we see the influence of the new spirit. Christ has become once more the centre of Christianity, the Christ of the Gospels, not the Divine Child of latter-day Romanism or the sacrificial Lamb of an ultra-Protestant theology, but He who "spake as never man spake." We are entering upon a fresh religious phase, but as yet we have no religious enthusiasm. New altars have been prepared, but no fire has descended from heaven. What will happen when the spark comes, for come it must? Every period of religious doubt has been followed by a religious revival. What will be the effect upon Christendom if the mind of the faithful, now concentrated upon the mind of Christ, is once more "endowed with power from on high"? Nothing is less likely than the sudden coming of the millennium. The religious world will not become Christ-like all in a moment. Where individuals are concerned the rate of moral and religious progress cannot be calculated with any approach to accuracy; but taking men in the aggregate, it seems to be in the order of Providence that all progress should be gradual. Every revival is a Second Coming, and in every revival the sad words of our Lord once more prove themselves. He who prayed that His followers might all be as one foresaw how many were the struggles to be gone through before that prayer could be fulfilled. Men would be "set at variance." He said, by the new doctrine. Those of one household would find themselves in intense opposition. It is not possible for men to meditate freely, and without fear of coming to unauthorized conclu-

sions, upon the character of Christ, and remain altogether satisfied with the social *status quo*; and human nature is such that the conscientiously dissatisfied seek refuge in a new system. How did Christ look at wealth? the student of Christ's character cannot but ask himself. What was His attitude towards those who take the sword? Why, in apparent contradiction to His dictum upon the subject, did He say there were times when a man who had two coats should sell one for a weapon? What was His attitude towards commerce, and why did He uphold the rights of contract with such tremendous sternness? Why did He seem at times verily and in deed to reprove the world, not only for sin, but, as St. John said, for righteousness? With what extraordinary severity certain typical sinners are dealt with in the parables and what wonderful kindness is shown to others. Dives lifts up his eyes in torment because he was indifferent to the suffering and the sickness of the poor, and no mercy is shown towards the overseer who became in his master's absence a tyrant over his fellow-servants. On the other hand, the young man who repented his riotous life is met by his father while he is yet a great way off. The Pharisee whose heart was not right before God is condemned, though there is no reason to suppose that his own estimate of his outward respectability was a false one, while the publican is justified by his repentance alone. When the servant is condemned for exacting money owing to him at a moment when his own debt had been cancelled, the righteousness of his claim is not even taken into consideration. A rough-and-ready justice on the part of the man in authority is distinctly held up to admiration, while in the Sermon on the Mount we are told at all costs to avoid retribution. If we refuse to look at the Gospel as a whole and to use our

reason—if we insist on making of Christ what He distinctly refused to be, a ruler and judge, instead of the Light of the World—we may set up tyrannies as bad as, or worse than, those instituted by Roman dogmatism. There will be no new Torquemadas, but how much suffering may not be caused by a new Tolstoy.

Upon isolated sentences of Jesus absolutely conflicting systems may be erected, and a measure of fanaticism is natural to man. The object of Professor Harnack and Professor Herrmann's book is to warn men against the dangers of this new turn of religious thought. They have convinced themselves that the Gospel contains no economic programme. Only, they say, if it be regarded as a legal code can social and political laws be found in it. Christ was no legalist, but "He who emancipates the conscience." Christianity is the religion of liberty, and "its duties are specially imposed upon you, and upon me, and upon every age as an individual problem for each to solve." Christianity as a religion, they say, would be at an end if the Gospel were changed into a social manifesto. It cannot be forced into a system, and no system, however literally carried out, would satisfy the aspirations of man. "The living God of the conscience is inextinguishable in His demand that we ought to do what, in our own conscience, we recognize as perfection," for "a man can do what is good only if his will is directed towards the pursuit of truth, as he perceives it." The tendency of the human mind to dogmatize will not die because men have ceased to think dogma the most vital part of Christianity. It is possible so to interpret the words of Christ as to overthrow the fabric of civilization and to cause His name to be blasphemed among the Gentiles, these two liberal theologians plead, and surely their warning is



needed. Not that they ask or hope that religious men should rest satisfied with things as they are. "The want and misery of our fellow-countrymen" should, they think, "act like a goad urging us on to study and investigate the construction of the social organism, to examine which of its ills are inevitable, and which may be remedied by the spirit of self-sacrifice and energy." What they deprecate is the growing notion that Godliness is a way of gain for whatever Christianity may teach a man to do for others. "None dare ultimately expect more for himself from the message of the Church than a firm, consolatory faith, able to triumph over all the troubles of life." If Christianity is to remain the great

force for good—above all, if it is to be once more quickened into intenser life—it behooves all thinking Christians to hold fast the wise words of St. Paul spoken to the early Church at a time of great social unrest and expectancy: "Let your moderation be known unto all men. The Lord is at hand." But we may not forget that there is an indifference which plumes itself on its moderation, and is even more opposed to the spirit of Christ than fanaticism. No step in advance can be made without great searchings of heart and many mistakes, and it is difficult to contemplate without misgivings the sacrifices which a new Reformation may demand from the individual or the nation.

The Spectator.

### THE CRY OF THE RUSSIAN CHILDREN.\*

What cry was that? Methought I heard a cry,  
Faint and far off and pitiful and weak.

No, no, it was the sigh  
Of the west wind that stirred the opening leaves;  
Or did some swallow, late-returned and meek,  
Twitter her humble gladness from the new-found eaves?

Again! It is a cry! And yet again!  
And first it swells, and then it seems to fade—

A cry of infinite weariness

And deep distress;

A cry of little children spent with pain,

A cry to make the boldest heart afraid,

\* THE following is an extract from a letter which *Mr. Punch* has received from DR. KENNARD, formerly House Physician at the Children's Hospital, Great Ormond Street, and now resident at Samara, Russia:—

"There are over 300,000 children in Samara alone who need milk and cannot get it: cows give no milk, for they in their turn feed off the decayed straw from the roof tops; then for want of milk these children and babies of the earliest age are forced to eat black bread, raw young cucumber, and anything that comes along—'shto Bok poslaet' (whatever God happens to send), as the peasants pathetically state in their appeals. I have myself seen young babies with their mothers eating 'bread' which has amongst its other constituents acorns and powdered oak bark, and the mothers have wept bitterly when this was taken from them as a specimen, for, as they said, it was their 'food for one day.' The result of this terrible diet is, of course, death and disease; and it is on behalf of these unfortunate children that I appeal to *Mr. Punch* to touch the great fountain of sympathy always to be found in the British public."

A cry of mothers fighting off with prayer  
The black-winged angel of despair,  
Or mourning by the grave  
Of children whom nor love nor tears availed to save.

Louder than rolling drum,  
More piercing than the clamorous bugle's notes,  
From Russia's stricken wastes the cry has come  
Of many thousand tender little throats,  
Soon to be dumb  
Unless— But we are very very far,  
And we have much to do  
Under our brighter and more fortunate star  
The whole day through—  
Joyance and high delight and festival  
For great and small  
At home, and our own children claim their share:  
We have no gift to spare  
For Russia's children, and this cry of fear  
Was but a dream-sound buzzing in our ear.

Is this our answer? No, it cannot be!  
We cannot choose but hear. This is no dream  
That makes imagined things to seem:  
This is God's truth that pleads for charity.  
For God, who set the nations far apart,  
Estranged by thought and speech,  
He bound us each to each,  
Heart that can suffer unto suffering heart.  
In His high Name we cannot let the cry  
Of little children go unheeded by.

For He was once Himself a little child,  
Humble and mild,  
And loved all children; and I think His face  
In that eternal place  
Where still He waits and watches us will smile  
For love of pity if we stretch our hand  
And let our gifts go forth o'er many a mile  
Of stormy sea and many leagues of land.  
Hark, how the little children make their plea,  
Their pitiful plea for help. What shall our answer be?

**THE NATIONALIST DECISION.**

We said, a fortnight ago, that "if we do not wish to see Ireland governed as she is now, and that if we are determined to go on resisting Home Rule, the adoption of devolution in some form is the only course left us." What has become of this "only course"? Is it rendered impossible by the action of the Nationalist Convention on Tuesday? In the form it wears in Mr. Birrell's Bill it certainly is. A measure which provides a mainly elective Irish Council cannot hope to be of any value in the face of Nationalist opposition. We see now that even if the Bill had been accepted, it would only have been with the object of making it unworkable. The Nationalists would have put on one side the necessary business of Irish administration, and have made the Council a parody of Parliament. There is nothing to regret in the failure of a scheme which, as we now realize, could have had no other result than this. If Devolution can only be had in co-operation with an elective Irish Council, we must be content to abandon it. But is Devolution inseparable from this particular way of giving it effect? That depends, to a great extent, upon the meaning we attach to the word. Devolution may be either legislative or administrative; and though the Home Rule controversy has accustomed us to associate it only with the former, it may equally stand for an Irish Administrative Council, nominated by the Crown, but having the power to co-opt Irishmen of all parties whose experience is likely to be useful. There is nothing to prevent Mr. Birrell from undertaking, in some future Session, the concentration into such a Council of the many Boards which played so amusing a part in his speech on introducing the Bill. That such a

reform would not satisfy Irish aspirations is true; but then nothing will satisfy Irish aspirations except Home Rule, and as we are not prepared to concede this, we must be content with satisfying Irish needs. This is a distinction which is inherent in the very idea of Devolution. It is this that separates it from Home Rule on the one side and from the existing system on the other. Its object is to leave the management of Irish affairs to Irishmen. But this may be done in two ways, either by an elective Council or by a nominated Council. The Nationalists have been able to defeat the first, but any opposition that they might offer to the second would be of little avail, since a great part of the work could be done by administrative order.

Passing to the immediate results of Tuesday's work, we have first to consider how the rejection of the principal measure of the Session affects the Government. It is generally assumed by the Unionist party that Ministers have received a very serious blow. It is annoying, no doubt, to have an offer flung back in your face; but, apart from this, we do not see that their position to-day differs greatly from their position a fortnight ago. No doubt they can no longer count upon the Nationalist vote, but even if this were consistently given to the Opposition—which is hardly likely—the Ministerial majority is large enough to stand the consequent reduction. It is even possible that the secession of the Nationalists will have the effect of drawing the majority closer together. The Liberal party is not specially fond of its Irish wing, and the withdrawal of the Devolution Bill will leave the line free for measures more interesting to English-

men. Eventually, no doubt, Ministers will have to consider whether the rejection of the Devolution Bill by the Irish Parliamentary party makes any change in their attitude towards Home Rule. But there is no need for them to enter upon this inquiry at present. They are precluded, by their own pledges, from bringing in a Home Rule Bill in this Parliament, however much some of them may wish to do so, and it is unnecessary for them just yet to determine what place, or whether any place at all, shall be allotted to it in their programme for the next Parliament. That what they have proposed to do in Ireland has aroused such uncompromising hostility in the Nationalist party may even be taken by the country as evidence that they have kept strictly to their word, and an interval of irritation with the Irish members may have a consolidating effect on the English and Scottish Members. Nor, so far as we can see, is this change calculated to be of any service to the Opposition. On the contrary, they will no longer be able to speak of Home Rule as an imminent danger. As regards the Devolution Bill, the country now knows the worst, and knows also that the worst was not so very terrible. If there be any Unionists who, in spite of their dislike to Tariff Reform, remain in the party because they think it the only bulwark against the break up of the United Kingdom, they, for the moment, may lay aside their fears, and give their whole mind to English affairs. The disappearance of Mr. Birrell's Bill will, indeed, deprive the Cabinet of one of their charges against the House of Lords. Whether if they had been able to persevere with the measure the Lords would really have rejected it we are not at all sure, but the probability of their doing so has all along been put forward as one of the methods by which they might be trusted to "fill up the cup." Ministers

are now left with no justification for their denunciation of the Peers' action, except the mutilation of the Education Bill of last Session—a wrong which hardly seems great enough to supply the occasion for a great constitutional change.

Turning to more general considerations, we regret the failure of Mr. Birrell's efforts, because it leaves Home Rule in possession of the field. For some time past Devolution has more and more been regarded as a possible substitute for the larger policy. Had it proved so, it would have postponed the further discussion of Home Rule for a period longer than politicians need take into account, and we are sorry that this chance is at an end. Whatever improvements may be introduced into Irish administration, they will now be the work of the Imperial rather than of the Irish Government. Mr. Birrell's plan might, as we think, have done something to turn the minds of the Irish people to the promotion of their material prosperity rather than to the creation of a Parliament and an executive of their own. Had it acted in this way, it would have been a real barrier against Home Rule—the most solid barrier which we could have hoped to find in the present state of English parties. That the Nationalist party should rejoice in the disappearance of the Bill we can quite understand. What is not so intelligible is the delight which it has given to Unionists. The difficulties that both parties have met with in governing Ireland remain just what they were. They will have to be faced and dealt with in the future as in the past. It may be said, perhaps, that it is better to have the issue narrowed and to have the electorate unmistakably divided into two camps—Unionists and Home Rulers. There might be some sense in this way of looking at the question if the Unionist party were

certain of drawing to themselves all the inmates of the third camp. We question, however, whether they have any right to feel assured on this point. There are Devolutionists, no doubt, who will argue that they have done all in their power for Ireland, and that the Nationalist rejection of their overtures leaves them no choice but to become Unionists. But there are others who may be more likely to treat the rejection of Devolution as the destruction of the one hope they had of staving off Home Rule, and to argue that in view of this it will be prudent to ally themselves with the Home Rulers as the only way of exerting any influence over their action in the hour of victory. If there are many of this

*The Economist.*

mind, the Home Rule party will only gain in strength by the decision of Tuesday, and that is hardly a matter for Unionist rejoicing. It may be, indeed, that the conviction of the "predominant parties" remains so entirely what it was in 1895 that we can afford to disregard any accidental accession to the strength of our opponents. But when we remember the present disposition of the Liberal party to try experiments in all directions, we do not feel so certain as we could wish that Liberals will always treat Home Rule as done with, or that it will never reappear in a King's Speech at the suggestion of a Liberal Cabinet. If it does so reappear, it will be largely due to the failure of the alternative project.

### HUNGARY AND THE AUSTRIAN ELECTIONS.

As far as the results at present known indicate—and yesterday's returns of the second ballots confirm the earlier indications—the Austrian elections, based on the principle of universal suffrage, have ended in the triumph of the Social democrats and the Christian socialists, and the utter rout of the pan-German fraction. To judge by the accounts received in this country, the outcome of the elections has excited some consternation in Hungary. The triumph of social democracy will be welcomed by a country which, ever since the days of Count Stephen Szóchenyi and Louis Kossuth, has been making rapid strides itself in the direction of democracy; the rout of the pan-German fraction will be greeted by all true Magyars with unequivocal pleasure, for Hungary has, in the past, suffered to no small extent from the excesses of pan-Germanism. But the triumph of Lueger and Jingoism is a decided blow to the Hungarians. The famous Bürgermeister, who arranged

the unsavory welcome afforded to the Hungarian delegations a year ago in Vienna, is the sworn foe of Hungary and the Hungarians. The two watchwords of his Party, which is only "Christian" in name (never was a better misnomer chosen), are "Down with the Jews" and "Los von Ungarn." Their weapons are billingsgate and high-sounding phrases; their banner, nominally that of clericalism, is one of anti-semitic rancor and intolerance.

The Christian socialists have declared war against Hungary because they aver that the country of the Magyars is in the hands of Jews. Any one who has been in Hungary knows the absurdity of such a statement; but it forms an excellent starting-point for a bitter crusade against the legal claims of the sister State. The Jews have done much, in fact nearly all, for the commerce and industry of Hungary; many of them have acquired wealth and influence, just as in Austria; but the Government of the country is in the hands



of the Magyars, whose aspirations to create a national State Lueger's Party have always done their best to frustrate. The triumph of Christian socialism is a menace to peace between the two sister States of the Dual Monarchy; for the principle of the Party is not, as its name suggests, to "live at peace with their neighbors," but to use every weapon at their command to foster feelings of rancorous and bitter hatred of their Magyar brethren.

The strength of Austria-Hungary depends upon the maintenance of internal peace between the two sister States, and it remains with Lueger and his comrades—who, for the time being, will be in the ascendant—to change their tactics and to come to an understanding with men who are, and always have been, ready to bury the hatchet and throw a veil over the injuries of the past. The dangers of pan-Germanism seem, for the present at least, to be evanescent; the complications that might have ensued by the return of a large number of nationalistic deputies are, to-day at least, non-existent, though the Polish fraction may give some trouble; and the time is ripe for the Austrian Parliament to show its political maturity by bidding good-bye to ranting speeches and ink-pot-throwing and resolving to live at unity with that State which, while always showing consideration for the interests of her neighbor, is determined to vindicate her own.

The Outlook.

Speaking generally, the results of the first Austrian General Election based on universal suffrage must be satisfactory to Hungary by virtue of the failure of the new system, the perfection of which, from the point of view of universal justice, has so often been thrown in the teeth of the Magyars. The comparatively small proportion of nationalistic deputies returned, despite the overwhelming percentage of non-German races, must be a blow to those who are never tired of upbraiding the Magyars with unfair treatment of the non-Magyar races. Even under the present system, which is shortly to be exchanged for universal suffrage, the non-Magyar races are, in proportion quite as well treated in Hungary as the Slavs, who compose more than half the population, have been treated in Austria under the much boasted system of universal suffrage. From the Austrian point of view, the result of the elections is bitterly disappointing. In well-informed quarters it is considered probable—though we scarcely think it is likely—that the Emperor will dissolve the new Reichsrath as soon as it assembles, for never has a new system proved a greater failure. Among the defeated candidates are the Minister for Public Instruction and Count Byland-Rheidt, Minister of the Interior, who himself introduced the new Suffrage Bill into Parliament. Such is the irony of fate!

---

## BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

---

"The Story of the Amulet," Mrs. E. Nesbit's new book, is not "Puck of Pook's Hill," but if one be too young to feel the magical ingenuity of that wonderful book it is not a bad substitute, and happy the child who reads of the

Psammead, (pronounced Sammy-ad), and Anthea, Robert, Cyril and Jane. These young folk found an amulet through which they could walk into the past, and they visited Babylon and prehistoric Egypt, and Britain, and

Gaul, and learned many things and saw many wonders. The story is admirable fooling, and entirely to the taste of those excellent children who perceive that mythology and history are as good as fairy stories. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Decidedly one of the most brilliant novels of the season is John Galsworthy's "The Country House." A story of the present day, the scene shifts from the country house, where the opening chapters find a party gathered for the week-end, to the races, and to London; the plot follows the infatuation of the Squire's oldest son for the wife of one of his neighbors; current conditions of divorce furnish the "problem"; the satire is serious and sharp, often painful, and the portraiture is remarkably well done, not only in the case of robust types like the Rector and the Squire, "whose essential likeness was as though a single spirit seeking for a body had met with those two shapes, and becoming confused, decided to inhabit both," but equally with Mrs. Pendyce herself, "that timid, and like a rose, but a lady every inch, the love," as the old nurse describes her. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Signore Fogazzaro's "The Woman" is neither political nor religious, but almost purely fantastic, although one suspects the author of malicious designs upon the self-complacency of those women who regard themselves as mystics when they are really nothing more intellectual than victims of hysteria. The heroine of "The Woman" having read more French pseudo science than her brain can bear, fancies herself the reincarnation of a woman who has loved unhappily and after astonishing and puzzling everybody about her, murders a man whom she chooses to fancy is the reincarnation of her former

lover. There are many humorous figures among the minor personages of the story, and they are surprisingly like the minor persons of English fiction, chatterboxes, queerly dressed old ladies, and a recluse count, absolute governor of his castle and its domain, but the woman rules them all. In feeling and treatment, the book alternately suggests Mrs. Radcliffe and the theosophists, but its prolonged conversations would be impossible among English-speaking persons. J. B. Lippincott Co.

It was intimated, when the first volumes of Everyman's Library made their appearance, that, sooner or later, the complete works of several of the authors represented in the first installment would be reprinted in the series. The agreeable promise has already been made good as regards the Waverley novels. Twenty-five of the charming scarlet-covered books, with their clear open page and decorative titles, contain Scott's prose writings complete. At a time when ephemeral and trashy fiction constitutes so large a portion of the output of the publishers' presses, it is an occasion for gratification that the stories of the prince of romancers can be bought in so attractive and enduring a form at the low price of fifty cents a volume. It is a happy circumstance also that they are not sold only by sets, as is the case with most editions of Scott, but may be bought one at a time, the purchaser being thus enabled either to select his favorites, or to watch the row gradually lengthen until it is complete. Jane Austen also is already complete in this edition, and lovers of Thackeray, Trollope, Dickens, George Eliot and other of the Victorian novelists look forward with pleasant anticipations to the appearance of volume after volume of their favorite authors.